PLAINFIELD GAZETTE.

By William M. Drake, & Son. Freedom to all opinions candidly expressed. One Dollar twenty-five cents pr year.

VOLUME I. PLAINFIELD, ESSEX COUNTY, N. J., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21. 1848. NO. 1.

PLAINFIELD GAZETTE.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY

William M. Drake, & Son.

Terms.---To Village Subscribers and those calling at the Office for their papers One Dollar and Twenty-Five Cents pr year payable in advance.

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☞ Mr. V. B. Palmer, Tribune Buildings, New-York, is authorized to act as our agent for receiving subscriptions and advertisements.

December 20, 1848.

Job Printing

EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH, ON REASONABLE TERMS.

Elizabethtown and Somerville

RAILROAD,

Winter Arrangement,

TO COMMENCE ON AND AFTER TUESDAY, DECEMBER 5. 1848.

The extension of the Railroad from Somerville to the White house (10 miles) was open for travel on the 16th of October last, reducing the staging between the termiuus of the Road and Easton to 25 miles.

NEW YORK AND PLAINFIELD.

Leave New York, by N. J. Railroad, foot of Liberty st. at 9 o'clock, A. M. and 4 1-2, P. M. Freight train, from the foot of Courtland st. at 12 1-2, P. M. Fare 62 1-2 cents.

By steamboat, Pier No. I, North River, at 11 oclock, A. M. freight, and 4 o'clock, P. M. Fare 50 cents.

Leave Plainfield at 5 1-2 and 4 20 m. o'clock, A. M. and 3 o'clock, P. M.—First train for Freight.

Leave Whitehouse at 4, and 6 1-4 o'clock, A. M. and 2, P. M. Fare by boat $1—by N. J. R. R. $1 12 1-2.

Fare—N. Y. and Elizabethtown, 25 cents. N. Y. and Westfield, by boat 37 1-2 cents—by N. J. R. R. 50 cents. N. Y. and Somerville, by boat 75 cents—by N. J R. R. 87 1-2 cents.

Fare between Elizabethtowna nd Elizabethport, 12 1-2 cents. Passengers are reqested to provide themselves with tickets before getting into the Cars at Elizabethtown. The Conductors will sell no Tickets nor receive the Boat Fare.

FLOUR, FEED, & GROCERIES.

THE subscriber, begs leave to inform his friends and the public generally that he has constantly on hand, at his old stand opposite Doct. Craig's Office.

Wheat Flour by the barrel or pound, Buckwhet Flour, Indian Meal, Feed, &c. Together with a general assortment of Groceries, viz:—Butter by the firkin or pound, Shad, and Mackerel,

FRESH GROUND COFFEE,

Molasses, Vinegar, Raisins, Cheese, Lard Soap, Soda, Sugar, Candles, Black, and Green Teas of excellent quality,

SPICES OF ALL KINDS,

Lamp Oil, Tobacco & Segars, &c. &c.

Cheap for cash as they can be had elsewhere.

Thankful for past favors he intends to merit their continuance.

WM. M. DRAKE.

Plainfield, Dec. 1848.

FOR SALE.

A HOUSE AND LOT.

SITUATED in the Township of Warren, County of Somerset, Washington Valley, on the main road leading from Basking Ridge to the New-Market Depot. The lot contains about thirty Acres of land, well watered, the building is new, 30 by 16 feet, and cellar under the whole.

Price $600, for terms enquire of DAVID LAWLER, at New-Market, or of JAMES LAWLER, Washington Valley.

Dec. 20. 1848.

From the New-York Tribune.

A Negro Song--not Christy's.

The Negro had no master once,
But like the white man free,
He owned his cabin and his field,
Beyond the dark blue sea;
His hair was black and glossy then,
Though now 'tis changed to gray,
And sad and heavy is his heart,
Which then was light and gay.

His home was where the white pearl grows
Upon the sea-washed strand,
Where gold is scattered lavishly
Among the shining sand:
A happy home, 'mid fragrant flowers,
With love to cheer him there;
His spirit and his limbs as free
As freest mountain air!

A wife he to his bosom pressed,
With children smiling 'round,
And happiness within his heart
Her fullest measure found:
Until one day the white man came—
One dark and bitter day—
And bound him by his hearth, and bore
Him from his home away.

He struggled and he wept in vain—
His children and his wife
Plead with their tears for husband, sire,
Their light, their joy, their life!
The white man heeded not their prayer,
But from his native land
Drove him, to where a black ship lay,
Close anchored off the strand.

For many, many, weary days,
Beneath a burning sky,
Bound in that black ship's gloomy hold,
The white man made him lie;
And when at last, a shore was gained
Beyond the Atlantic wave,
The white man stripped him of his gyves,
And drove him forth a *slave!*

Thus was the Negro's freedom lost,
By force of whip and chain,
And he from home, wife, children, torn,
To see them ne'er again!
O! wonder not his hair is gray,
That death his soul should crave,
For who would live, when all of life
Is buried in the grave?

C. D. STUART.

The Questioner.

BY ROBERT NICHOL.

I ask not for his lineage,
I ask not for his name,
If manliness be in his heart,
He noble birth may claim.
I care not though of worldly wealth
But slender be his part,
If yes you answer, when I ask—
Hath he a true man's heart?

I ask not from what land he came,
Nor where his youth was nursed—
If pure the stream, it matters not
The spot from whence it burst.
The palace or the hovel,
When first his life began,
I seek not of; but answer this—
Is he an honest man?

Nay blush not now; what matters it
Where first he drew his breath?
A manger was the cradle bed
Of him of Nazareth!
Be nought, be any, every thing—
I care not what you be—
If yes you answer, when I ask—
Art thou pure, true, and free?

The Grave of the Twins.

One winding sheet enveloped them
One sunny grave was theirs,
One soft green plat of silken grass
Received their mothers tears;
And lightly did the night winds breathe
Their resting place above,
As if it feared to wake them from
Their deep repose of love.

The rains came down, and forth their
One bright and early spring, [sprung
Two rose buds on a slender stalk
And closely did they cling;
Yet never did they blossom there,
But all untimely shed
The young leaves on that holy grave,
Meet emblems of the dead.

The Patent Rag Chewer.

In a small village, not many hundred miles from this place, there is established a paper mill, which attracts no small share of attention from the curious, and elicits many a visit, as all are of course anxious to see the wonderful process of converting old rags into paper. It sometimes happens that those crowds of admirers of the marvelous, contain among their number one of those real matter-of-fact kind of fellows who like to know something of causes as well as effects, which fact may be illustrated by the following dialogue:

'I say, stranger, how do you get them there rags fine enough for making paper?'

'We have men employed to chew them, sir,' replied the paper man.

'To what! to chew them did you say?'

'Yes, to chew them to be sure—did you never hear of chewing rags to make paper?'

"No, I never did, and would like to know what kind of wages you give, case I've got a little the best set of teeth you ever did see," said the green'un, grinning and gnashing at the same time in the way of exhibition, with a fury that made the jesting proprietor quake lest the joke should turn upon himself in the form of a personal combat.

'I see, I see,' replied he of the paper mill, stepping back; 'I never saw a better set of teeth for the business. Well, we give experienced hands $1 50 per day, and young beginners $1 00 do you think you would like the business, sir!'

'Yes *sir-ree*, and the wages too!' replied the other with delight.

'Very well sir, you may set in now for a month, and at the expiration of that time we will no doubt raise your wages. Here, you may commence on this'—handing an old saddle blanket to his much delighted applicant, who took it and sat down to his task with as much *sang froid* as an epicure would to a well roasted piece of beef steak.

'I say, old pard, do you think that ar' blanket will stand me any time at all? Why, I could chew it all smash up and swaller it before you conld tell what time the sun sets by Elton's *Almanac*.'

He set to work like a juvenile steam engine, his heavy teeth grinding as if they were mill-stones, the dust flying, but desperately intent on earning *good living* wages, though the labor was decidely bad living. With the voracity of a Bengal tiger, and a spirit worthy of a better cause, the martyr to the progress of science, continued at his task, wondering beyond all expression in his own mind, how many hands or rather how many setts of teeth it took to do the *chawing* of that 'tarnation big mill.' But it was in vain that the heavy jaws wagged and the sharp teeth crushed, the pile of *chewed* rags did not seem to grow very fast; and to add to the machine's rising feelings of indignation, a crowd began to gather around to witness the singular spectacle of a human opposition to the rag breakers, shaking the whole building from another apartment.

'What in the darnation are you gapin' at?' at last exclaimed the rag chewer through a mouthful of rags in a state of mastication. 'Drat me there is fifty rag spilin' machines like me up stars, all in a bunch—why dont you go and see *them*?"

The crowd looked very much delighted and expressed themselves highly pleased with his performance.

'I know I can't go it like them fellers up stairs, for my grinders ain't used to it yet, besides I don't believe horse blankets is good to start on, but I tell you strangers when it comes to vittles or tebaker, I'm thar.'

The fun began to rise, and with it the rag chewer's indignation. 'See here, stranger,' he bellowed, spitting out his last attempt, and hallooing at his employer, who had just appeared—'blamed to blamenation if I'm going to sit here and be laughed at in this ere way—ef you don't put me up stairs among the rest of 'em I won't chaw up another blanket, darned ef I do.'

'What!' exclaimed the employer, with a sober face, and very indignantly—'is that all you've got chewed up? And *wet* too, by thunder! Get out of this—you'll never do for this business in the world. There's a blanket ruined to all eternity, too, for you've *wet* every mouthful, and how can we make dry paper out of wet rags? Come, move yourself in a hurry.'

The victim did not await a second invitation, but went off in all speed for fear he should be called upon to pay for the blanket, and fully determined hereafter to stick to his lawful business, and let paper mills alone.—*Cairo Delta.*

"Duponts Best."

The following story is related as a fact, in a late number of the *Model American Courier*:

One cold morning, last February, the snow lying some ten inches deep on the ground, a circle of half-frozen town's people had girdled the fire in Mr. M.'s bar-room. They had put in requisition every chair and newspaper in the room, and as the number was considerable, and each was anxious to get as near as possible to the scource of comfort, the closely wedged circle of chair-backs formed a sort of *cordon sanitaire*, since, without some one should move, all ingress to the fire was cut off, as though it were under quarantine. And the semi-circular row of legs and feet turning inwards toward the hearth, lookcd like the spokes of an enormous wagon-wheel. Even the landlord was excluded, and, with his hands in his pockets, Mr. M. was industriously promenading his bar-room, to look as good natured and as comfortable as circumstances would permit.

In this state of things, Dr. Z. of our town, entered, rubbing his hands and pronouncing energetically several monosyllabic words, in connection with some quite original observations on the state of the weather. But in vain did he, with blue nose and beseeching look, walk round the semicircle of kind-hearted neighbours to get access to the fire; not a soul moved.

"By the laws, it's cold! at length exclaimed the doctor, by way of drawing attention to his forlorn condition.

"Hey! cold, did you say?" answered one carelessly; "yes, I should think likely it is, out in the street;" and he cooly gave his chair a hitch, in the unsuccessful effort to get it a half-inch nearer the fire.

Now, Doctor Z. though one of the best hearted men in the world, is exceedingly irritable; and while as fond of a joke as Curran was, who is known as a perfect dare-devil, capable of any-thing. And after a moment's waiting, he left the room, muttering something expressive of his private opinion as to the state of civilization in that town. Crossing the street to a store, he put neatly up a bundle, some four inches by two in size, in one corner of which he put about a spoonful of "Dupont's best."

Re-entering the bar-room, he tipped the land-lord a sly wink, and then, by a personal appeal, prevailed upon the most good-natured man of the group to move his chair momentarily, so as to admit Z. within the circle; a movement which the rest reproved instantly, by looking daggers and icicles at the good-natured man.

Doctor Z. however, quietly. turned his back to the fire, pulling his coat-tails aside, American fashion, and very composedly whistling Yankee Doodle.

At length some one chanced to remark—"Must be a good morning for rabbit hunting."

"Yes" said the doctor, catching eagerly at the hint he had been waiting for; "yes, I should think so. I'm going myself directly. Just bought a pound or two of first-rate powder over the way here. Finest article I've seen in town."

And cooly taking out the package, he tore off a corner, as if at random, and pouring upon his hand about a spoonful of the apparent contents' threw it upon the fire. The explosion elivated half-a-dozen of the circle (who had not noticed what he was doing) two or three inches from their chairs, and loud remonstrances followed against the repetition of any chemical experiments of that sort; which the landlord, who had got his cue, remarked—

"By George! you'd better blow a man's house up, hadn't you?"

"If you say much I will," rejoined Z. in great apparrent heat. "I'd just as soon pitch the whole two pounds into the fire as not."

"I'd like to see you," replied M. confidently.

Do you dare me to do it? shouted Z.

"Yes, I do," doggedly answered the landlord.

No sooner said than done. With a muttered remark about "taking a dare" from any man, Z. dashed the bundle among the blazing brands, and sprang towards the door, followed by the landlord.

Heavens and earth, what a scattering! No one stoppad to shove back his chair; everything turned a complete somerset; and gathering themselves up as quickly as they could disentangle arms and legs from the confused mass, everybody shot for the doors and windows, without stopping to look behind them.

One man, whose pluck had been tried on ordinary occasions, vanished through the back door, jumped a five-foot fence without breaking his trot, and was last seen streaking it down a back street, yelling murder at the top of his voice, and once in a while looking up backward, to dodge the falling timbers.

Another long-legged individual, who is built up like a pair of tongs, made but three strides across a sixty-foot street, and headed up a lane, leaning forward at an angle of about forty-five degrees, putting down his long spars like the buckets of a steamboat wheel, with his coat tails streaming behind him, like the tail of a comet.

While one courageous citizen, perceiving both doors and windows hopelessly wedged, scrambled behind a door and commenced praying most devoutly; but being raather more familiar with any other sort of composition than the Lord's Prayer, he was heard vociferating in tones of most enerjetic devotion—

"Now I lay me down to sleep" &c.

To this day, if you talk of "rabbit hunting" in the presence of those concerned, he will take off his coat in two minutes.

Caution to Speculators.

Of all the days since I was born,
I hate the day I dealt in corn;
And long shall I lament the hour,
When I resolved to trade in flour.
And what is worse, I've had no ease
Since buying up the beans and peas
Alas! how wretched I do feel,
When'er I'm told the price of meal.
Oh! had I dealt in pork and lard,
I would not say the times are hard.

"Mother, don't you wish you had the tree of evil in your garding?"

"Why Josh, you sarpent, what do you mean?"

"As money's the root of all evil, if we had the tree couldn't we get all the precious stuff?"

Dod you pesky varmint you're geting too smart entirely; that's what comes of sending boys to macadomies."

THINGS TO FORGET—Do not allow your thoughts to dwell upon the injuries you have received, or the provoking words that have been spoken to you. If you would be happy, learn the art of neglecting injuries, and allow them to grow out of your mind.

In 1776, an important dispatch was carried from philadelphia to Boston in fifty hours, which was considened extraordinary speed—now it can be conveyed in the same number of seconds.

A SMART WOMAN.—Did you ever see any of the popular novels? said a city dame to a country cousin.

"No, ma'am," she replied, "but I have seen POPULAR TREES!"

To get angry at nothing, and to be suprized at nothing, are said to constitute two steps towards perfection.

The spaniards have a wise saying:—'At eighteen marry your daughter to her superior, at twenty to her equal; at thirty to anybody that will have her.

A watchmaker being asked the age of his youngest child, said he wanted a quarter of three.

PLAINFIELD GAZETTE.

PLAINFIELD, N. J.

Thursday, December 21, 1848.

INTRODUCTION.

In commencing the publication of a paper in this Village, it will be necessary to say something in relation to the course we intend to persue in conducting it, a candid avowal on our part is therefore both just and necessary.

We submit our sheet with much confidence to the intelligent citizens of Plainfield and its vicinity for their approval and support.

The people among whom we live are too intelligent to neglect a paper published in their midst, and for their benefit; and we therefore appeal with confidence to all who have an interest in the prosperity of our thriving village and its neighborhood to aid our enterprize. It has been well observed by a friend who enjoyed good opportunities for forming a correct opinion on the subject—"There is no better criterion by which to judge of the character of a city or town, than is afforded by the manner in which its newspapers are conducted and supported. Where we see a paper carefully edited, and printed in a workmanlike manner, we are confident that the people of that place are awake to their best interest, and able to appreciate the advantages which a paper of this class confers on them."

It is our intention to be just and liberal toward all, in the highest acceptation of those terms; we would not alarm the fears or unnecessarily excite the prejudices of the most humble, but shall endeavor to promote good feelings among all classes of men, whatever may be their political or religious creeds; all have the right to enjoy and utter their opinions. It was for this the greatest of all privileges that our fore-fathers sought these shores, that they might enjoy and establish, civil and religious liberty. It shall be our aim to extend and perpetuate this inestimable blessing.

And in furtherance of this object it is our intention to give generally two pages of interesting miscellany, carefully selecting from the Magazines, Periodicals and Political Papers of the day, whatever will interest the general reader. Also to give from the best sources matters interesting to the Farmer, Mechanic, and Manufacturer; together with the local and general news; statistical information relative to the trade, commerce, and currency of the country. We shall at all times advocate the truth, or what we sincerely believe to be such, on all subjects with candor and sincerity, whether in accordance with the preconceived opinions of men or not; we cannot hope and indeed do not wish to publish a paper with which none can find fault; believing that all men of a generous and independant mind are willing to have all subjects of interest to the welfare of man freely discussed; and can appreciate that independance in others which they themselves enjoy, and which belongs to man as a right.

We esteem independance as regards the minds and actions of men as one of the greatest blessings of a republican form of government. We regard the press as the guardian of the public liberty; as through it reason can combat error.

Believing in the Political, Religous, and Social equality of man's rights; we shall at all times speak our minds on all subjects in any way affecting those rights.

We shall from time to time give place to any well written article that may chance to fall in our way whether in accordance with our own views or not; knowing that among our readers a diversity of opinions exist on all subjects that affect their welfare; and that the press is the proper medium through which to exchange thoughts, and correct erroneous opinions. Believing also that the burthens of Government should fall on all men without exception; and that all men likewise should be elegible to its honors, and as all having an equal interest in the maintainance of the laws that all should obey them. Believing that knowledge is indispensable to the permanancy of a republican form of Government, we shall ever be the advocate of knowledge for the whole people.

Believing that the prosperity of our country thus far to have been the result of the policy upon which the Democracy have conducted the government from the days of the immortal Jefferson to the present time, to be incontestible evidence of its fitness, and superiority to that of its opponents, that we shall always to the best of our ability advocate the great and fundamental doctrines of that party as we understand them, firmly, yet courteously and candidly. Also, all new measures arising in mans political and social progress. We shall at all times take the part of right against might.

But it is our design, while advocating the political doctrines which we firmly believe to be best adapted to promote the happiness and prosperity of our people, to conduct the Gazette in such a manner that those of a different political fatih shall not have reason to complain. We believe that the cause of truth can best be advanced by addressing the intelligence of our readers. The bigoted partizan is an injury to any cause to which he may be attached. Argument is far preferadle to slang or falsehood. It is to be lamented that so many political papers are liable to the charge of publishing matter which is utterly unworthy of being read, and which cannot permanently benefit any cause. We shall, therefore, avoid everything which is not entitled to a place in a paper which professes to address only the good sense of its readeas

Our aim shall ever be to publish a re reliable paper; one which shall command the respect of the great mass of both political parties.

We look with confidence to our business men and Mechanics for their enconragement. To them in particular, the publication of the Gazette is of much consequence. Every intelligent person must see that the success of an enterprize like ours will be regarded abroad as an evidence of the liberality and intelligence of our citizens.

In the course of our short life by perseverance and industry we have always been accustomed to succeed in whatever we have undertaken, and that by following the dictates of our own judgement, therefore in this our new position we have all confidence that by following out the plan we have heretofore adopted in our more private affairs, with the approbation of the public which we hope to merit, we shall continued to succeed.

The *Literary American*.—Its merits are of a superior order, it will certainly command an extensive circulation. Published every Saturday at $3. per annum. at 105 Nassau street. G. P. Quackenboss Editor.

☞ We would call the attention of the Public to the Prospectus of Holden's Dollar Magazine in another column of our paper.

Premium!—Postmasters, or others, sending 20 names and $15 will receive Vol. II of Holden's Magazine, handsomely bound in muslin and gilt-edged! Address (post paid) CHARLES W. HOLDEN,
109 Nassau st. N. Y.

The Latest Case of Cholera

In the city was discovered on Saturday by Alderman Adams of the Fifth Ward. A poor fellow was taken suddenly ill in the street, and the Alderman having made up his mind to face the disease boldly and to act as became a father of the city, at once sprang to the sufferers relief. No questions were asked—but seizing the cholera patient, the kind Alderman and one or two other persons bore him to the nearest druggist shop. He grinned and writhed in agony, big drops of cold sweat gathered on his brow, but he did not speak a word. All attempts to make him take medicine were in vain, and a messenger was dispatched in haste to inform the resident phisician of the case. The resident physician was at once, as the well remembered Recorder Riker would say, '*on the kwi vivi*," and clapping on his hat started to see the case. He was just entering the house, when the patient straightened himself as if perfectly recovered, and with, "Golly, I might have known so much cabbages would have giv me the colic," made off. Neither the Resident Physician nor the Alderman has found a case of cholera since.

The Slave Question---A New Proposition.

A Washington correspondent of the *Philadelphia North American*, says:

There is a proposition, resulting probably, from the belief of Southern statesmen, that a settlement of the Slavery duestion, in connection with the new territories, cannot be effected in any other way—that a meeting of members of Congress be called for the purpose of forming a union upon some "middle ground," or compromise, of the difference existing in regard to the establishment of Slavery in New-Mexico and California, or its exclusion therefrom.

For the Gazette.

It is admitted by all, I believe, who are conversant with the subject, that the number of notices published in the newspapers of this State of intended applications to the Legislature for the creation of Banks, Manufacturing, Mining and Railroad Companies, &c. is unusually large. The notices for the creation of Railroad Companies especially, are very numerous, and will involve the outlay of immense sums, if the roads are constructed. In the short period now devoted by our Legislature to the consideration of the public business, is there not reason to fear that all these projects cannot receive proper attention? It is true that many of them are so vissionary that they will be dismissed with but little ceremony. Still, many are in danger of being adopted which will be injurious to the state. The influence of money is great, and the history of all legislative bodies proves that improper means are often unscrupulously resorted to, to accomplish the object in view. Without imputing any improper motives to our legislators in regard to these monopolies. I trust it will not be deemed wrong to urge the people (without regard to party) to have an eye to their public servants, that they may not be improperly influenced by those who desire the creation of so many corporations for different objects,

A. C.

GREAT TELEGRAPH FEAT.—The entire president's message was telegraphed from Baltimore to St. Louis, the task being completed on Wednesday afternoon, in just 24 hours from the commencement. The message was written out in full, following the coppy verbatim, even to the punctuation and paragraphs, a thing not usually done in telegraphing. The number of words was 50,000. In its progress to St. Louis the message was dropped at the 16 chief stations throughout, and at all the intermediate minor stations between Baltimore and Evansville, Ind. Thus a document of 12 close newspaper columns appeared in print in a city a thousand miles off, within 24 hours from its first appearance.

The Mile.

The following exhibit of the number of yards contained in a mile in different countries, will often prove a matter of useful referance to our readers:

Mile in England & America,	1760 yards
do Russia,	1100
do Italy,	1467
do Scotland and Ireland,	2400
do Poland,	4400
do Spain,	5028
do Germany,	5866
do Sweden & Denmark,	7223
do Hungary,	8800

TALENT, TACT, PERSEVERANCE,—Those three qualities help men forward to well-deserved wealth and enduring honors.—David Rittenhouse, the American Astronomer, was a plowman; Roger Sherman, a boot and shoe maker; George Bruce, the wealthy type-founder, (who has generously helped forward many a poor but deserving brother of the press,) a poor printer boy; as were also Horace Greely, James Harper, Thurlow Weed, and Simon Cameron of the United States Senate; the able and eloquent Senator for Ohio, Corwin began life driving a team between Columbus and Cincinnati. Thomas Ewbank was bred a plumber; John Fitch, who invented the steam-boat, and exhibited its operation, was a native of Connecticut, and died poor and neglected, as did the ingenious Oliver Evans, (wealth not being their object.) Amos and Abbot Lawrence, the munificent patrons of the useful arts, once (though not recently) walked down from Vermont to Boston, with scarce a cent in their pockets, and hardly any shoes on their feet. Andrew H. Mickle, tobaconist, a former mayor of New-York, never inherited a cent of fortune; and Mayor Brady won his way to wealth by skill as a mechanic and prudence as a man of business. Sixteen years before the gallant but unassuming General Brown was Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of the United States, he was teaching a small quaker school. Cicero the greatest of all Roman Orators, was of very humble origin—yet his eloquence confounded the traitor Cataline, and made Julius Cæsar tremble though in the plenitude of his power.—*Palmers Almanac.*

☞ The Small Pox is exciting some alarm in Cape May County. It was introduced on Monday of last week by the schr. Liberty, Capt. Theophilus Weeks of Cohassett, Mass' which entered Goshen Creek that day—the Captain and two of the hands having the disease. We do not hear that it has ben communicated to the inhabitants. Several cases have occurred in ihis city lately, and it becomes those who are not already protected against it, to resort to vaccination—a simple precaution which it is the duty of every one to seek.—*Newark Advertiser.*

☞ It has been suggested that, in the event of the passage of the bill establishing a Mint in N. Y. The site of the ruins of the Park Theatre would be a very eligible situation for the erection,

THIRTIETH CONGRESS.

Second Session.

WASHINGTON, Monday, Dec. 18.

SENATE.—Mr. Benton called up the bill proposing to dispose of the contract for building the Panama Rail Road to Messrs. Aspinwall and others, and addressed the Senate in a lengthy and forcible speech giving his reasons for its passage.

Mr. Breese opposed the passage of the bill at length, but mainly because sufficient time had not been given since its introduction to elicit competition. He had reason to believe that more favorable offers would be made, and on this account, if for no other, he hoped the bill would be postponed to give other parties opportunities to offer for the work.

Mr. Hale spoke against the passage of the bill.

Mr. Johnson also opposed its passage, and stated his reasons for wishing it postponed. It was finally laid over.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 19.

Mr. BENTON submitted a document called for yesterday concerning the Railroad across the Isthmus from Chagres to Panama.

After the reading of it an animated debate sprung up in which Messrs. Benton, Cameron, Foote, Allen and others participated. The discussion was mainly confined to the bill.

No decision being arrived, at the subject was informally laid aside.

A sealed message was received from the President by the hands of his Private Secretary, soon after which, on motion, the Senate went into Executive Session, and after some time spent therein the doors were opened and the house adjourned.

HOUSE.—Mr. Giddings introduced a bill authorizing the people of the District of Columbia, white and colored to express their opinion as to the propriety of the longer toleration of slavery in the District. Mr. Thompson, of Missouri, moved to lay the bill upon the table, which was decided in the affirmative, yeas 106, nays, 77.

Dec. 19.

The House resolved itself into a Committee of the Whole, Mr. Thompson of Iowa, in the chair and took up Mr. Vinton's resolution referring the President's Message to various standing Committees.

Several amendments were offered, among which was one of Mr. Meade of Va. proposing to refer that portion of the Message relating to the establishment of Territorial Governments to a select Committee of nine, which after some discussion was put and lost.

Another amendment was offered by Mr. Cobb of Ga. proposing to refer the passage in the Message relating to the Tariff question to the Committee on Agricultnre and Commerce.

This proposition was warmly discussed by Mr. Cobb of Ga. Mr. Rumsey of N. Y. Chas J. Ingersol of Pa. Holmes of S. C. Gentry of Tenn. Thompson of Pa. and others.

Mr GREENE of Mo. replied to Mr. Thompson, and accused him of inconsistency, in having supported Gen. Lewis Cass for the Presidency, and now turning around and opposing the present Tariff.

Mr. GREELY of N. Y. followed in a plain and Forcible speech, in which he advocated Mr. Rumsey's motion to refer the Tariff portion of the President's Message to the Committee on Manfactures. He said that the President, in his Annual Message, had assailed manufacturers as an aristocratic class claiming exclusive priviliges, and that he wished it replied to. The Committee on Manufactures could best do it.—That the said Committee had reported the Tariff of 1842, which was recommitted to the Committee of Ways and Means, as he hoped this would be. He would be contented, however, for it to go to either Committee, paovided it would properly answer the misrepresentations of the Message.

Mr MARVIN of N. Y. followed in a speech of some length, in which he gave a history of the last legislator on this subject.

Mr. FISHER of Ohio has the floor on this subject to morrow.

On motion the house abjoined.

DIAMONDS TOO!—Extract of a letter received by Mr. Buffum of this City, from his son, Edward Gould Buffum, dated Pueblo de los Angelos, Upper California, July 21:

Person who have been to the "placers" say there is ample room for fifty thousand people to work fifty years. It is doubtless the richest place in the world. Within a week or two past, diamonds and platina have also been found. These stories, strange as they may seem, *are strictly true.* I know them to be so. There will probably be a great emigration to the country as soon as the news gets spread at home, and I wish you would show—this letter, and recomend to him to *come by all means.* There is no humbug about this. New places are being discovered every day, and Peru and Mexico will ere long sink into insignificance compared with California. Everything connected with mining, as well as all goods and provisions, are swelling in the mining region at most exorbitant prices. Pickaxes are worth fifty dollars each. Shovels twenty-five dollars. Hoes ten dollars. Flour $100 a barrel. Cotton cloth $1 50 a yard, and everything else in proportion.

GOLD PICKINGS

From the News-Papers

About 3,000 persons at work in the mines, averaging at the lowest computation an ounce per day each man, making an aggregate of more than a million a month, and this quantity will be doubled in three months.—Seamen who have been on the station five years, and who have $400 or $500 due them, forfeit the whole and escape to the mines.—It will cost as much to discharge the naval store ship Isaac Walton, at Monterey, as the whole price of her freight round Cape Horn.—The people are running over the country and picking gold out of the earth, here and there, just as a thousand hogs let loose in a forest would root up ground nuts.—There is one man who has sixty Indians in his employ; his profits are a dollar a minute. Seven men worked seven weeks and two days (Sundays excepted) with fifty Indians and got 276 pounds of pure gold.—Men open a vein of gold just as coolly as you would a potatoe hill.—A gentleman dug fifty-two holes with his butcher's knife in different places, and foud gold in every one.—A traveller dipped a cup full of sand from the bed of a creek, washed it, and found five pieces of gold.—Two men on the Adjuba river worked five days and gathered $950.—Mr. Frank Plumer has arrived at Baltimore direct from El Dorado with "a pocket full of rocks," and various boxes and barrels of the genuine stuff. A gentleman, in the region, with about $2,000 in American coin, purchased nearly $80,000 worth of the grain gold!—India rubber outfits, buckets and all, are advertised in New-York papers for river operations.

TAX ON CALFORNIA GOLD.—A Washington letter mentions a rumor that the Goverment in Cabinet Council, on Saturday last, decided to send immediately a number of small vessels of war, brigs and schooners, to enforce an embargo upon all merchant vessels going into the harbors of Montery. San Francisco and other ports on the coast of California, requiring them to come under bonds not to receive on board for transportation any part or parcel of the gold ore dug from the public lands or mines on the Sacramento, or other parts of the gold region of Alta California. The decision has been come to, doubtless, to prevent European vessel, as well at those of South America, grom transporting vast quantities of the gold ore to be coined in foreign mints, without paying the rightful tax or per centage to the Government of the United States.—*Phil. Inq.*

How shall the Gold of California be secured to the Government and people of the United States, is a question of vital importance.

We have already sugested that a body of troops sufficient to preserve order in the gold regions be forthwith dispatched and so paid, that there shall be no incentive to desertion.

By midsummer, 100,000 men will have spread up and down the valley of the sacramento and the slopes of the Nevada mountains, most of them stout men, well armed, and no coercion will be able to control them. Even if fifty thousand soldiers were sent to California on common war footing, the chance is ten to one that they would fraternize with the gold diggers, rather than use violence toward them.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The question is important certainly, how many men and how much pay does the Editors of the Sun think will be sufficient to preserve order and prevent desertion? If fifty thousand would fraternize with the gold diggers, how many shall we send?

Going to California is now as much the rage among our adventurous young men as going to Mexico was some time ago. In almost every city of note, from Boston to New Orleans, a company is preparing to embark.

Great Conflagration.

Burning of the Park Theatre.

On Saturday evening, about 6 1-4 o'clock, the cry of fire was raised in the neighborhood of the Park, and immediately afterward dense volumes of smoke were observed issuing from the rear of the Park Theatre.

The fireman used every exertion to stay the distruction, and succeeded in confining it mainly to the Theater.

Finally, in about two hours after the fire first broke out, it was subdued, nothing of the Park Theatre being left but the four walls. The origin of the fire is not known with certainty.

Mr. Hamblin's loss is estimated at $25,000, and that of Messrs. Astor and Beekman, proprietors of the building, at $30,000, upon both of which sums there is but a very small insurance. The entire amount of property destroyed is from $60,000 to $65,000.

The next question to be debated by the Farmers' Club is: 'Can good bread be *raised* by wind, if the wind be *east*!'

Hints to Farmers.

Tomatoes make excellent preserves.

Toads are the best protection of cabbage against lice.

Plants when drooping are revived by a few grains of camphor.

Pears are generally improved by grafting on the mountain ash.

Sulphur is valuable in preserving grapes, &c., from insects.

Lard never spoils in warm weather, if it is cooked enough in frying out.

In feeding with corn, fifty pounds ground goes as far as as a hundred pounds in the kernel.

Corn meal should never be ground very fine. It injures the richness of it.

Turnips of small size have double the nutritious matter that large ones have.

Ruta Baga is the only root that increases in nutritions qualities as it increases in size.

Sweet Olive Oil is a certain cure for the bite of a rattlesnake. Apply it internally and externally.

Rats and other vermin are kept away from grain by a sprinkle of garlic when packing the sheaves.

Gapes in Chickens.

It is said that if iron is kept standing in vinegar, and a little of the liquid be put in the food given to chickens, it will prove a perfect preventive of the gapes. This disease is often a fatal one, carrying off, annually, thousands of young chickens and turkeys; to say nothing of other species of poultry. It is a very simple remedy, certainly, and one that admits of an easy trial.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

BURLINGTON HAMS.—The Burlington Gazette publishes the famous *Newbold receipt for curing Hams.* The old gentleman was very choice of his secret, and preservedit until the day of his death. After that event the receipt was found hid away in a hole in the cellar wall. Here it is: 7 pounds coarse salt, 5 pounds brown sugar, 2 oz. pearl-ash, 4 gallons of water. Boil together, and scum the pickle when cold. Put it on the meat. Hams to remain in pickle 8 weeks—beef 3 weeks. The above is for 100 lbs weight.

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.—The education of our children is never out of my mind. Train them to virtue, habituate them to industry, activity, and spirit. Make them consider every vice as shameful and unmanly. Fire them with ambition to be useful. Make them disdain to be destiute of any useful knoledge.

[John Adams to his Wife.

If a man has a right to be proud of anything it is of a good action; done as it ought to be, without a base interest lurking at the bottom of it.

One reason given by an old husband to a bachelor, as an inducement for him to get married, was, "because then, my boy you'll have somebody to pull off your boots for you, when you go home a little obscure."

☞ If the accumulation of people at Panama should be anything like that which may be anticipated from the facts before the people, it is extremely doubtfut whether the steamers now on their way to that port around the Cape, will dare to stop. Neither life nor property on the ship or on the shore would be secure, so desperate would the people become, as they found their means of living and their health wasting in a wilderness, from which there would be no refuge without money, and hardly with. The safest and cheapest route to California at present is unquestionably around Cape Horn. This is a tedious voyage of some 17,000 miles, and will require an average of six months to make it; but it is free from the more serious risks and expenses of any other.—*Evening Post.*

EXTRAORDINARY DOCUMENT.—The following is a *verbatim et literatim* copy of a notice recently received by the Postmaster at Uniontown, in this State:

I Robert Brown of talor county and State of virgina do forworn any person of Pensylvania To maria A sun of mine his name is Robert Brown Dark complection A bout five feet and a half high Black heair and a smart scar on the crown of the head if such a person cums to pensylvania and his lady Twenty dollars reward to any yeason confine him And send me a letter to pruntitown ps offtalor co. va he is 19 years oald 10 of november 1848

A Green One.

An exchange tells a good story of an innocent countryman who chanced to be in one of our cities on Sunday, and concluded to go to church. Arrived there, he waited outside for a moment, when to his profound surprised, the organ struck up, from which he concluded that some sort of a "shave down" was about to commence. Just at that moment, a gentleman invited him to walk in and take a seat. "Not 'zacly, Mister—I ain't used to no such doin's on Sunday; and besides, *I don't dance.*"

IMMIGRANLS.—3,766 passengers, mostly from Liverpool and Bremen, arrived at New Orleans during the week ending 9th inst.

Power of Eloquence.

The eloquence of the celebrated Whitfield, it is said, was at times irresistible. The accomplished skeptic, Chestfield, was present when this popular preacher presented the votary of sin under the figure of a blind beggar, led by a llttle dog. The dog had broken his string. The blind cripple, with his staff between both hands, grooped his way unconsciovs to the side of a precipice. As he felt along with his staff, it dropped down the decent too deep to send back an echo. He thonght it on the ground, and bending forward took one careful step to recover it, but he trod on vacancy, poised a moment and he fell headlong. Chesterfield sgrang from his seat exclaiming, "By heaven he is gone."

A FAT JOKE.—The *American Courier* assert it to be a fact. A lady in Spruce st., wishing to get clear of the offal fat, grease, &c., that had accumulated in the kitchen, directed an English girl, who had recently come into her employ, to call the first *fat* man she saw in the street, stating that she wanted to see him. The good creature thinking that the term 'fat' applied to the man's size, and not to his business, a little while after, on going to the door, saw a man whose corporation justfield her in informfng him that Missus wished to see him, if he would be so kind as to step in. He did so, and was seated in the parlor. The girl called her mistress down stairs to the fat man. When she had decended, she was informed that he was in the parlor. "In the parlor!" exclaimed Mrs.——, "and what is he doing in the parlor?" She hurried in, and there discovered a gentlemanly looking personage, with hat off, waiting to hear the cause of his detention. The lady, whose presence of mind did not forsake her, immediately saw the whole mistake and apologised for the ridiculous error. The fat man left evidently much amused at the joke.

MARCH OF REFINEMENT.—'Madam,' said a druggist the other day, to a lady who was examining some cologne; 'I assure you it is an excellent article, and if you will condescend to approximate the extension of your proboscis to the enclosed orifice of the bottle, you will perceive the truth of my assertion.

It is stated in a late English paper that there is at present a resident in the county of Tyrone, a farmer who has reached the age of 120 years; a son who resides with him, is agdd 99. The eider of the two can read without glasses, and his hair still remains its original hue, which is brown.

An Editor out west wished to marry a blue eyed damsel in his neighberhood, and like an honest man, asked the consent of her father. The prudent papa inquired how much money he could bring the bride. The editor said he hadn't any money, but he would give her a PUFF in his paper.

☞ A party of thirty persons left New-Orleans on Monday se'night in the schr. Macon, for Changres on their way to California. The party is composed of persons belonging to the following different nations—Demark 2; Ireland 3; Germany 6; England 2; Sweden 2; Switzerland 3; France 3; Americans 10. The expedition will cross from Changers to Panama, and take a coaster from that port to San Francisco.

Thre has bden a great increase in the Methodist Episcopal Church within the bounds of the Baltimore Conference within the last few months. Upwards of fifteen hundred have joined in the Baltimore District alone since the first of August last.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A MAMMOTH PAPER.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

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Four copies, $5 per annum. Eight copies $10 per annum, and one to agent or the getter up of the club. Thirteen copies $15 per annum, and one to agent. Twenty copies $20 per annum, and one to agent.

THREE COPIES of the Saturday Evening Post and one of either Godey's Lady's book or Grahams Magazine, for $6.

The money for clubs must be always sent in advance. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address

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As a Family Magazine, the Editor is confident that no rivalry can affect, or opposition lessen its value and worth and he offers it to the world as in tone, character, literary merit, and illustrative beauty, The model Magazine of the Nineteenth Century!

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See what the press says of Holden.

* * 'The Editor's table is very rich and amusing—in some respects equal to that of the Knickerbocker.'—[N. Y. Evangelist.

☞ Holden's Dollar Magazine for September is an excellent number. The literary contents are varied and interesting; the sketches of living American Poets and Divines cannot fail of giving the work a very popular character. The Editor's table is lively and piquant, and the book notices copious and candid. We understand the circulation of this Magazine is rapidly increasing.—Horace Greely, of the N. Y. Tribune.

Holden's Dollar Magazine.—The September number of this work has been received, and to simply say that it is a valuable publication, would not be doing justice to its merits. It is the best of Magazines and must soon assume its place at the head of the literary Press.—[Democrat, Bloomsbury N. Y.

Holden's Dollar Magazine.—The August No. of this sterling journal is now upon our table. In glancing over its contents we are forcibly struck at the superior arrangement of everything appertaining to Literature and Art.—the articles are all of a high order—far surpassing any-thing that appears in "Graham's," or "Godey's Lady's Book." The typography of the No. before us, is most excellent, vieing in whiteness of paper and clearness and distinctness of type, with any similar work published in the United States.—[Republican, Jackson, Tenn.

Holden's Dollar Magazine is the most interesting introduction of popular literature that we know. The price, as its name implies, is but one dollar a year, and we reccommend everybody to subscribe for it.—Advertiser Lowell, Mass.

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Decr 21. 1848. m1.

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Also, a good assortment of Ladies Shoes and over shoes, Men's and boys Boots and Shoes, with a general assortment of Hardware and Crockery.

Also, as good an assortment of GROCERIES and SPICES, as can be had elsewhere, all of which we offer at prices to suit the times. Past favors thankfully acknowledged and a continuance provided for. TITSWORTH, DUNN, & CO.

Dec, 20. 1848.

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December, 1848.

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"Like ripe fruit drop
Into our Mother's lap, or be with ease
Gathered, not harshly plucked."—*Milton.*

To which he added, a Popular Exposition of Liebigs Theory of Life, Health and Disease, by Robert James Culverwell, M. D.

This work of which some 60,000 copies are sold annually in England, and is now for the first time reprinted in this country, and is sold at a price which will bring it within the reach of every individual in the United States. It is probably the best work on Health and Long Life ever published. A liberal discount to the trade J. S. REDFIELD,

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New-York, Dec. 1848.

N. B. Proprietors of newspapers who will insert this advertisement three times, and send us a number of their paper containing it, will be entitled to payment on purchasing of us four times the amount of their bill. dt31

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HAVE RECENTLY OPENED, at 353 Broadway, a few doors above their former place of Business, the most extensive establish in the department of Looking-Glasses, Picture-Frames, Fine Engravings, Paintings etc., to be found in the United States.

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WILLIAMS & STEPHENS.

Dec. 1848. f3.

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The subscribers Executors of Thomas Hance deceased will offer at public vendue on Thursday, the 4th day of January next at 2 o'clock, P. M., on the premises, the House and Lot situated on the north side of New street in the city of New-Brunswick, late the residence of the deceased. The lot is 100 feet on New Street extending the same distance in depth. There is on this lot a lage substantially built dwelling house.

This property is well located and is of sufficient capacity for manufacturing purposes.

It will be sold together or in seperate lots to suit purchasers.

One half the purchase money may remain on bond and mortgage on the premises.

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Dec. 1848. f3.

Job Printing

Of all kinds, at short notice, and on reasonable terms, executed at this Office.

From the New York Herald.

Rev. Dr. Ryder's Lecture on the Eucharist.

The Rev. Dr. Ryder, President of the College of the Holy Cross, in Worcester, Mass. preached in St. Peter's church, Barclay st, in this city. He selected for his text the sixth chapter of St. John 52nd verse: "If any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever."

In the words quoted for your consideration, Dr. Ryder said, you will readily anticipate the divine theme on which I mean to address you; and in the contemplation of this heavenly doctrine, I cannot but figure to myself the position which the Catholic church holds in regard to it, and the object of admiration she must thereby be to the christian and philosopher. The Catholic church alone believes that in the adurable Eucharist, the Saviour has given, under the form of bread and wine, his sacred body and blood, for the salvation of the world. In the Eucharist is perpetuated the mystery of redemption, by which we are enabled to give to the Almighty God, in this world, that pure homage and worship which he pre-eminently deserves, but which neither in heaven nor on the earth does he receive, except in the Eucharist sacrifice of the Catholic church. It is in that God is worshipped, as he deserves to be, and that not by the merit of the individual who offers the sacrifice, but by the intrinsic efficacy of the divine oblation by which his name is made glorious from the rising to the setting of the sun. In contemplating this sacrifice, I cannot but observe that the Catholic church, surrounded like a chaste Susanna, charged by all discordant denominations as the faithless spouse of Christ, as the betrayer of his faith; yet who alone figures to the world the perfection of the god-man, that he is devoted to the world, that he has displayed his ineffable charity and wisdom in the most estimable manner. Is that the character of a faithless spouse? Is it in human nature that she would forfeit her faith in eulogising him whom she betrayed? No, it is not. Again, the Catholic church has been accused of introducing this sacrifice of the Eucharist. Well, if she has, she is entitled to admiration for so doing. The Catholic church has invented the doctrine of the real presence, the doctrine of transubstantiation, by which the elements of bread and wine are changed into the body and blood of Christ. It is incomprehensible; but yet, for a period of eighteen hundred years, the Catholic church has convinced the proudest intellects of the truth of this divine institution. The records of primitive christianity are full of the doctrine which we are accused of having invented. All the intellect of man has been arraigned against this doctrine, and every effort has been made to subvert it; but yet never, in one solitary instance, has an argument been adduced against it which the Catholic church has not been able to answer. But the truth is the Catholic church is the faithful spouse of Christ. She has not invented the doctrines which she propounds to her children; but it is the revelations which God has made to that church. She is but the depository of the faith which she has been told to guard, and which she has guarded and will guard, even to the consummation of the world. Everything connected with the Eucharist is therefore, nothing less than revelation made by God to her for the instruction of man; and that I may convince you all, and such of my dissenting brethren as are within hearing of me, I will give you a few of the arguments of the Catholic church on the subject of the real presence; and for the greater elucidation of it. I will propose to your consideration the language of the Saviour, in which he promises to institute this sacrifice, and will afterwards show that the divine Savior has really instituted that which he promised. In the sixth chapter of St. John, the first part of which I have already read, he uses such language as is perfectly consistent with the doctrines of the Catholic church, and perfectly incompatible with those of our dissenting brethren. They believe 'in the Euchaarist, that there is nothing but the mere representative of the body and blood of Christ. The Catholic church, on the other hand, believes that the bread and wine are changed into the real body and blood, continuing under the external form of bread and wine. In the first place then, oar Saviour says, "The bread I will give is my flesh for the life of the world." There is no possibility of connecting the person of Christ with mere faith. Why? Because, he had already spoken of faith, and is there speaking of that which he intended to give, he says, implying something for the future which he intended to establish. The proposition is convertible. It is identical. It will mean the same, whether you take the second or the first part. "The bread I will give is my flesh for the life of the world," or, my flesh for the life of the world is the bread which I will give. Now, can it be supposed that our divine Savior meant his flesh and blood figuratively? No, and I am free to say, that if he had said so it would have been absurd, because we have not been redeemed by the mere representatives of the body and blood of Christ, but by his real flesh and blood. If a figure only is intended, then we christians must admit that we have been redeemed by a mere figure. I proceed—"The Jews, therefore, strove among themselves; saying, how can this man give us his flesh to eat?" There is no mistaking the signification which they applied to the words. They understood him his real flesh and blood. Now, what was the answer of Jesus to those who made this remark? "Amen, amen. Unless you eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink of his blood, you shall not have life in you." There is an answer in keeping with the belief which they had formed. And, he adds, "He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath everlasting life, and I will raise him up at the last day." Does he say he who eateth the figure of my flesh, &c.? Not at all because the figure is not identical with everlasting life, and therefore we have a claim, from partaking of the humanity of God, to resurection and an immortal state hereafter, because the seeds of immortality are in us. Again, he says "For my flesh is meat, indeed, and my blood is drink, indeed." Will you change this language of the Saviour? Can you change it? Now, take this language as it is, and say whether the Saviour meant only a figure. It is not a figure, but real flesh and blood which he meant. Again, he says, "He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, abideth in me and I in him" How can a person be said to abide in Christ, if you look upon him only as a figure? But he can abide in you and you in him, when his flesh and blood are partaken in reality. Now, here is the elucidation of the doctrtne which the Saviour gives—"As the living father has sent me, and I live by the father, so he that eateth me the same shall live by me." I here invoke your attention, and ask you do you believe the divinity of Christ? Of course you do. Now our divine Saviour says that he who receives the Eucharist shall live. By what? By figure or in reality? There is the question. As Christ is God, God is equal to the father, because the same nature is in both, and consequently Christ is the true God as much as the Father because the same nature is common to both, and he who partakes of the real flesh and blood partakes of him. This is a declaration which ought to make us feel grateful for exalting us to be partakers of the flesh and blood of God. Again, "this is bread that came down from heaven. Not as your fathers did eat manna and are dead, he that eateth this bread shall live for ever." Now this must not be passed over. Let me personate a Jew for a moment. Your Jesus, I would say, has declared he gave you bread superior to that which our fathers got in the desert; my bread is superior, both in figure and in substance; its properties are more in accordance with the divine gift, and it is far superior in reality. We find, on the pages of revelation that the manna, on which the Israelites fed for forty years, is called the bread of angels, and, its properties were wonderful. I would, as a Jew, say, is the bread which you partake of equal to this manna? It does not descend from heaven except figuratively. The Jew would, therefore, triumph over the divine Savior and say that he has failed in his promise to give bread superior to the manna. You cannot answer this, but the Catholic can. The bread of the Eucharist of the Catholic church is as superior to manna as Christ is superior to anything earthly, and thus the christian would triumph over the Jew. Now the Scripture tells us that he was teaching the people at the time, and therefore, it was in his character as teacher he supplied the intelligence which they needed. Many, therefore of his disciples, when they heard this said, "This is hard, and who can believe it?" It is hard to believe that it is the real flesh and blood which is meant, but it is hard only because it is true, because of its reality; but substitute the language of the Church of England and there is no difficulty in it. Again, it is clear and evident that the divine Saviour meant his body and blood in reality, under the appearance of bread and wine. "But Jesus, knowing that some of his disciples murmured, &c.;" as much as to say, you doubt what I say, not remembering that, a few minutes before, I showed my omnipotence by multiplying the loaves and fishes. What if you should see me ascend to heaven would you belive it more readily? The reverend lecturer concluded by appealing most eloquently to his audience to extend their charity to the poor of the church; and his appeal was heard, for a good collection was taken.

An Argument for Drinking.—Now I ax you fellers, who's the best citizen, him that supports guvernment or him as doesn't? Why, him as does, in course. We support guvernment, every one as drinks support guvernment, that is if he lickers at a licens house. Every blessed drop of licker that he swollers thar is taxed to pay the salary of them ar great officers, sutch as Mayors an Corporationers, Hie Constables, Presidents and Custom-house gentlemen. Spose we was to quit drinking—why guvernment must fail it couldn't help it, no how. That's the very rezun I drinks. I dont like grog, I mortally hate it. If I followed my own inclination, I'd ruther drink buttermilk' or ginger pop, or Dearborn's sody water.—But I lickers for the good of my country, to set an example of patriotisum and virchuos self-denial to the rizen generation —*Straw Sucker.*

Say yes, pussy.—A gentleman, not very long since, wishing to pop the question' did it in the following singular manner. Taking up the young lady's cat, he said, 'Pussy, may I have your mistress?' it was answered by the lady, who said, 'say yes Pussy.'

Rules for the Journey of Life.

The following rules, from the papers of Doctor West, were according to his memorandum, thrown together as general waymarks in the Journey of life:

Never to ridicule sacred things, or what others may esteem such, however absurd they may appear to be.

Never to show levity when people are professedly engaged in worship.

Never to resent a supposed injury till I know the views and motives of the author of it. Nor on any occasion to retaliate.

Never to judge a person's character by external appearances.

Always to take the part of an absent person who is censured in company, so far as truth and propriety will allow.

Never to think worse of another on account of his differing from me in political or religious opinions.

Not to dispute with a man more than seventy years of age, nor with a woman, nor an enthusiast.

Not to affect to be witty, or to jest, so as to wound the feelings of another.

To say as little as possible of myself, and those who are near to me.

To aim at cheerfulness without levity.

Not to obtrude my advice unasked.

Never to court the favor of the rich by flattering either their vanity or their vices.

To speak with calmness and deliberation, on all occasions; especially in circumstances which tend to irrifate.

Frequently to review my conduct and note my failings.

On all occosions to have in prospect the end of life and a future state.

Respect Due to Parents.

Not only the young are apt to forget the respect due to parents, but oftentimes we see the children of older growth forgetting those who have reared them from infancy; and by their waywardness causing their parents to shed tears, when it should be their duty to give them reason for smiles. There is no sight so revolting to an upright man, as to see youth disrespecting gray hairs, but when we find a man, arrived at the years of discretion neglecting his silver haired parents, not one word is forcible enough to express the feelings which naturally arise in every honest breast. The very idea that the babe, whose care has cost them so many sleepless nights, and so much anxious care, should in latter years, prove a curse, instead of a blessing, and repay its parents for all their love, by unthankfulness, makes one almost wish that the paren'ts malediction might be upon him. Yet how often do we see cases in which the child forgets the respect due to his mother, and is regardless of his father's wishes. Children, learn in early age to respect your parents, and obey them in all things.—Struggle not against their authority, but by yieldimg while young, you will derive honor when old, and never forget the commandment which says "Honor thy father and mother, that the Lord thy God giveth thee."

A Nice Hit.—A jolly set of men' boon companions and sworn brothers' had made up their minds to leave the 'old sod,' and emigrate to 'Ameriky.' They where five in number, two paddies, one Murphy, one Dennis and one Teague. It so happened that the vessel they were to go in could only take four of them. Which wen understood, Teague exclaimed, 'Arrah I have it! We'll cast lots to see who shall remain.' But one objected, saving it was not ginteel to do the like of that. 'You know Teague, that I'm an arathmetician, and I can work it out by the rule of subtraction, which is a great deal better. But you must agree to abide by the figures.' All having pledged themselves to do so, Pat proceeded: 'Well, then, take Paddy from 'Paddy you can't, but take Denis from Murphy, and Teague remains. Ah Teague, my jewel, and it's you that can't go."

Love Something.—That man alone is happy who hath something to love, truly and sincerely. If he has no wife nor children, Like Cowper he may be attached to a dumb creature, a bird or a dog.—James Montgomery has lived for years with no other companion than a cat. Our attachments are strong, and we are constituted so that our affections are drawn out upon something. A favorite tree or flower—devotion to some particular service, may yield us exquisite pleasure. Few men who have some objeet to love, turn out to be depraved or wretched.

Decidedly Cool.—A gentleman recently advertised in one of the eastern city papers for board, in a quiet, genteel family where there are two or three beautiful and accomplished young ladies, and, "where his *society* will be deemed a sufficient compensation for his board, washing, and other etceteras,"

Common Reasons.—A man in Springfield, Ohio, thus announces himself a candidate for constable.

"Philip E. Barnet—has a wife and thirteen children—poor—afraid to steal—too lazy to work—and would like to be elected constable."

Avoid popularity; it has many snares, and no real benefit.—*Penn.*

The editor of the Boston Post says; All that is necessary for the enjoyment of sausages at breakfast, is confidence.

Pass it Along.

Yes, pass it along, whether you believe it or not—that one-sided whisper against the character of a virtuous female. You say you don't believe it, but you will use your influence to bear up the false report, and pass it on the current. Strange creatures are mankind! How many reputations have been lost by a surmise! How many hearts have bled by a whisper!—How many benevolent deeds have been chilled by the shrug of the shoulder! How many individuals have been shunned by a gentle, mysterious hint! How many chaste bosoms have been wrung with grief by a single nod! How many early graves have been dug by a false report! Yet you will pass the slander along;—you will keep it above the waters by a wag of your tongue, when you might sink it forever. Destroy the passion for telling a tale, we pray you. Lisp not a word that may injure the character of another. If the female has erred, forgive her, and forgive the past. She has wounds enough without the fangs of slander's tongue.—Be determined to listen to no story that is repeated to the injury of another, and as far as you are concerned the slander will die. But tell it once, and it may go as on the wings of the wind—increasing with each breath, till it has circulated through the State, and brought to the grave one who might have lived and been a blessing to the world.

Maternal Anxiety.

The following singular incident, so suited to awaken all the feelings of a mother's heart, is copied from a Scottish paper:

A mother having left her child, an infant, of two years of age to play about the door till she attended some household duties, went, when she was disengaged, to look for her charge. The urchin could but crawl, and she expected to find it at the door-cheek. But it was not there, and the mother, in considerable alarm, called on several neighbors to enquire if they had seen her child. No one had seen it; and, as a considerable time had now elapsed in making inquiries, the anxiety and tears of the poor woman became proportionably augmented. Parents could only judge of her feelings, when no trace of her child could be found. The neighbors kindly assisted in making strict inquisition in every well, pigstie, hen roost or out-of-the-way corner, for the wandered wee one—he was, how-ever, no where to be found, and, as a last resource, resolved that a bell man should be sent through the town. In the meantime, the mother in a state bordering on distraction, went into her own house to rumage every hole, and bunker, and cupboard. While thus employed one of her sympathising friends happened to cast her eye on the gable of a neighboring house and there with surprise and horror, discovered the lost child perched on a ladder, and within a few steps of its top, apparently quiet, and delighted with its state of exaltation. A lady quickly endeavored to induce the ambitious mite to come down, but no—it shook its head and held fast. She then tried to go up the ladder, but half way up her head grew dizzy, and she was obliged to descend without accomplishing her object. Her mother was informed by this time that her child was found, but her feelings may be more easily felt than described, when she saw its danger.

The ladder was long enough to reach the eaves of the three story house, and within four steps of the top of it was the child, holding firmly by one of the bars, and looking quite complacently on the faces below. With trembling steps the agitated mother cautiously ascended the ladder, but when within arms length of the infant, she, as if to mock the agony of her parent, clambered up the remaining steps, and straddleing across the topmost bar, held out its little hands and smiled, as if proud of her daring feat. The mother at last folded the object of her fears and affection to her fond bosom, and descended with her precious burden in safety, shedding tears of gratitude, and breathing a heartfelt prayer to that Being who had so preserved her child.

A notion seller was offering a Yankee clock, finely varnished and colored, and with a looking-glass in front, to a certain lady, not re-markable for personal beauty.

'Why, it is beautiful,' said the vender.

'Beautiful, indeed! a look at it almost frightens me,' said the lady.

'Then, marm,' replied Jonathan, 'I guess you'd better take one that ain't got no looking-glass."

An Answer.—A lady wrote upon a window some verses, intimating her design of never marrying. A gentleman wrote the following lines underneath:

'The lady who this resolution took,
Wrote it on glass to show it could be broke'

Washing skirts wears them out. When they get dirty, rub them over with chalk.

Among the marriages out West, we pereeive one of a Mr. Schnichenhoofen to a lady by the name of Schregengost.

A poor drunken loafer was picked up in the street a few nights since. There was no sense in his head, no cents in his pocket, a powerful scent in his breath, and he was sent to prison.

Afraid of the "Biler."

During the height of the opposition between the two steamboat lines, running from the Kennebec to boston, last summer, and just as the rival boats were makink ready to start, a wagon hove in sight in which was an old lady, with an accompaniment of band-boxes and bundles, evidently equipped for a journey. The respective agents of the two lines sprang towards her.

'Take the Marshall, marm!—fine boat.'

'Try the Penobscot, new boat, built only last summer, commanded by the favorite of every-body—Capt.——, &c.'—The boys and loafers around echoed the claims of their favorites in concert.—'Hurrah for the Penobscot,' 'Go the John Marshall.' The old lady, who had probably never seen a steamboat before, and whose chief notion of the varmints was connected with their boiler bursting propensities, was almost beside herself with terror at the hubbub.

'O, mercy! I wish I'd never stirred a step—if I'd a known there was to be such an awful time as this, I'm sure I wouldn't. The pesky bilers—I know they'll burst—everybody's looking after me, and nobody's attending to 'em.—There, now go right away, all of you, I'm going straight back. I couldn't rest a wink for fear of them pesky bilers.'

'You need give yourself no anxiety on account of the boilers in the Marshall,' said the agent of that boat; 'they are new and sound, and couldn't be made to bust.'

'Are you sure of it?' said the old lady, evincing symptoms of a favorable disposition towards the Marshall—'you aint a tryin' to practize on the credulity of a poor lone woman, I hope?'

'No fear of me; sound as a teakettle,' was the reply.

The old lady was about descending from the wagon to embark in the Marshall, when No. 2 stepped up.

'Madam,' said he, in a serious tone, 'I have no doubt the Marshall's boilers are sound, but the best boilers are dangerous things. We know that a great many people have been killed by them—especially of late—and took the boilers out of our boat three weeks ago!'

'You did,' said she; 'that's the boat for me, then. James,' said she to the boy in the wagon, 'pass out the basket, and the bonnet-box, and the umbrella, and the parasol—and don't forget the new shoes and doughnuts under the seat. Tell Sally I went in the boat without any bilers, and she needn't have no fears of me.'

A 'Jack of all Trades.'

The following is a correct copy of a handbill posted up in a town in the West of England:

"Roger Giles, sergeon, first parish clerk and schoolmaster, reforms ladies and gentleman that he draws teeth without waiting a moment—blisters on the lowest terms, and fysicks at a penny a peace. Sells Godfather's Cordel, cuts corns, and undertakes to keep any bodies nails by the year, or so on. Yung ladies an gentleman tort their grammer langwage in the neatest manner—also grate care of their morals and spellin. Also sarme singing and teaching the Ho Boy.—Cow Tillions and other dances tort at home and abroad. Prefumery in all its branches. Sells all sort stashonary wares, blackingballs, red herrings and coles, scrubben brushes, treecle, mousetraps and all other sorts of sweetmeats—likewise taters, sassages and all other garden stuffs—also frute, tinware, and all other eatables. He also performs fleebotomy in a curious manner. Fathermore in particular he has a large assortment of tripe, china, dog meat, and other pickles, such as oysters. Old rags bought and sold here, and not any whare else—and new-laid heggs every day by Roger Giles. P. S. I teeches joggrefy, and all them outlanish things. N. B. A bawl on Tuesdays."

Betting with a Mule.—A Georgia negro was riding a mule along and came to a bridge' when the mule stopped.

"I'll bet you a quarter," said Jack, "I'll make you go over dis bridge," and with that struck the mule over the ears, which made him nod his head suddenly. "You take de bet, den," said the negro, and contrived to get the stubborn mule over the bridge. "I won dat quarter, any how," said Jack.

"But how will you get your money?" said a man who had been close by, unperceived.

"To-morrow" said, Jack, "massa gib me a dollar to get corn, an' I takes de quarter out."

A little wrong done to another, is a great injury done to ourselves. The severest punishment of an injury, is the conscience of having done it; and no man suffers more than he that is turned over to the pains of repentance.

Something very odd.—A strange occurrance took place in one of the French provinces a short time since. A Frenchman, who in 1812, had gone with Napoleon to Rusia, and was long since believed dead, suddenly returned. His wife had, meantime been married to three other husbands, and had just buried the last of them when her first returned from Russia, and she began married life once more anew, and under happy auspuices.

PLAINFIELD GAZETTE.

By William M. Drake & Son. Freedom to all opinions candidly expressed. One Dollar and twenty-five cents per year.

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William M. Drake & Son.

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Fifty cents will be added to the above rates if not paid in advance.

Advertisements will be conspicuously inserted, not exceeding a square,

One insertion,	37 cents.
Two insertions,	62 "
One month,	$1 00
Two months,	1 75
Three "	2 25
Six "	3 50
One year (paper included)	6 00
For two squares in length	
One year (paper included)	8 00
For three squares in length	
One year (paper included)	10 00

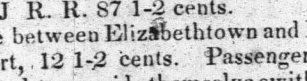
☞ Mr. V. B. Palmer, Tribune Buildings, New-York, is authorized to act as our agent for receiving subscriptions and advertisements.

December 21, 1848.

Job Printing

EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH,

ON REASONABLE TERMS.



Elizabethtown and Somerville

RAILROAD.

Winter Arrangement,

TO COMMENCE ON AND AFTER TUESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1848.

The extension of the Railroad from Somerville to the White house (10 miles) was open for travel on the 16th of October last, reducing the staging between the termiuus of the Road and Easton to 25 miles.

NEW YORK AND PLAINFIELD.

Leave New York, by N. J. Railroad, foot of Liberty st. at 9 o'clock, A. M. and 4 1-2, P. M. Freight train, from the foot of Courtland st. at 12 1-2, P. M. Fare 62 1-2 cents.

By steamboat, Pier No. I, North River, at 11 oclock, A. M. freight, and 4 o'clock, P. M. Fare 50 cents.

Leave Plainfield at 5 1-2 and 4 20 m. o'clock, A. M. and 3 o'clock, P. M.—First train for Freight.

Leave Whitehouse at 4, and 6 1-4 o'clock, A. M. and 2, P. M. Fare by boat $1—by N. J. R. R. $1 12 1-2.

Fare—N. Y. and Elizabethtown, 25 cents. N. Y. and Westfield, by boat 37 1-2 cents—by N. J. R. R. 50 cents. N. Y. and Somerville, by boat 75 cents—by N. J R. R. 87 1-2 cents.

Fare between Elizabethtown and Elizabethport, 12 1-2 cents. Passengers are requested to provide themselve swith tickets before getting into the Cars at Elizabethtown. The Conductors will sell no Tickets nor receive the Boat Fare.

FLOUR, FEED, & GROCERIES.

THE subscriber begs leave to inform his friends and the public generally that he has constantly on hand, at his old stand opposite Doct. Craig's Office,

Wheat Flour by the barrel or pound, Buckwheat Flour, Indian Meal, Feed, &c. Together with a general assortment of **Groceries**, viz:—Butter by the firkin or pound, Shad, and Mackerel,

FRESH GROUND COFFEE,

Molasses, Vinegar, Raisins, Cheese, Lard Soap, Soda, Sugar, Candles, Black, and Green Teas of excellent quality,

SPICES OF ALL KINDS,

Lamp Oil, Tobacco & Segars, &c. &c.

Cheap for cash as they can be had elsewhere.

Thankful for past favors he intends to merit their continuance.

WM. M. DRAKE.

Plainfield, Dec. 1848.

FOR SALE.

A HOUSE AND LOT.

SITUATED in the Township of Warren, County of Somerset, Washington Valley, on the main road leading from Basking Ridge to the New-Market Depot. The lot contains about thirty Acres of land, well watered, the building is new, 30 by 16 feet, and cellar under the whole.

Price $600: for terms enquire of DAVID LAWLER, at New-Market, or of JAMES LAWLER, Washington Valley.

Dec. 20. 1848.

Pictures of Memory.

BY MISS. ALICE CAREY.

Among the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemest the best of all,
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
Dark with the mistletoe,
Not for the violets golden,
That sprinkle the vale below;
Not for the milk-white lilies,
That lean from the fragrant hedge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their golden edge;
Not for the vines on the upland,
Where the bright red berries rest,
Nor the pinks, nor the pale sweet cowslip,
It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother
With eyes that were dark and deep—
In the lap of that old dim forest,
He lieth in peace asleep:
Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there, the beautiful summers,
The summers of "long ago:"
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And, one of the autum eves
I made for my little brother,
A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a meek embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face.
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.
Therefore of all the pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
That one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all

Who is my Neighbor.

Thy neighbor—it is he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless,
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbor—'tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim,
Whom hunger sends from door to door—
Go thou and suecor him.

Thy neighor—'tis the weary man,
Whose years are at their brim,
But low with sicknes, cares, and pain—
Go thou and comfort him.

Thy neighbor—'tis the heart bereft
Of every earthly gem;
Widow and orphan, helpless left—
Go thou and shelter them.

Where'er thou meet'st a human form
Less favored than thy own,
Remember, 'tis thy neighbor worm,
Thy brother or thy son.

Sweet Girl, Fare thee well!

Sweet girl, fare the well!
No more thy smiles shall bless;
I cannot love thee more than now—
Would I could love thee less!
Though silent henceforth be thy voice,
And cold the look I meet,
This doting heart shall still love on,
While e'er its pulse shall beat.

I will not buy thy father's love,
Nor barter for thine heart;
So if thou be not always true,
'Twere best that we should part.
Perchance in after years you may
Remember this adieu;
And deign to tkink he was not false,
Who gave his life to you!

WINTER EVENINGS.—Now the evenings are long, and now is the seasons when young people should store their minds with useful knowledge. There is a time for all things, and the sports of winter are not to be denounced. Exercise is absolutely necesary for the promotion of health, and sluggishness in youth is a bad presage of manhood. But yet there is much time that may be profitably spent in reading, in writing, and in mathematical studies.

A schoolmaster advertises in an Ohio paper that he will keep a Sunday school twice a week Tuesday and Saturday

Young ladies kissing one another is a dreadful waste of the raw material

To rise early is to double life.—*Chatham*

From Godey's Lady's Book.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.
A Story for the Holidays.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

'Didn't he make you a present of anything, Lizzy?' asked Margaret Granger of her cousin Lizzy Green.

'No, not even of a strawberry cushion,' spoke up Lizzy's sister Jane, 'that he might have bought for a sixpence. I think he is a right down mean, selfish, stingy fellow, so I do; and if he doesn't keep Lizzy on bread and water when he gets her, my name's not Jane Green.'—

'I wouldn't have him,' said Margaret, jesting, yet half in earnest. 'Let Christmas go by and not make his sweetheart or her sister a present of the most trifling value! He must have a penny soul.—Why, Harry Lee sent me the 'Leaflets of Memory' and a pair of the sweetest flower-vases you ever saw, and he only comes to see me as a friend. And cousin William made me a present of a splendid copy of 'Mrs. Hall's Sketches,' the most interesing book I ever read. Besides, I received lots of things. Why, my table is full of presents.'

'You have been quite fortunate,' said Lizzy, in a quiet voice; 'much more so than Jane and I, if to receive a great many Christmas presents is to be considered fortunate.'

'But don't you think Edward might have sent you a token of good will and affection in this holiday season, when every one is giving or receiving presents?' asked Margaret.

'Nothing of the kind was needed cousin Maggy, as an expression of his feelings towards me,' replied Lizzy. 'He knew that I understood their true quality, and felt that any present would have been a useless formality.'

'You can't say the same in regard to Jane. He might have passed her the usual compliment of the season.'

'Certainly he might,' said Jane. 'Lizzy needn't try to excuse him after this lame fashion. Of course, there is no cause for the omission but meanness—that's my opinion, and I speak it out boldly.'

'It isn't right to say that, sister,' remarked Lizzy. 'Edward has other reasons for omitting the prevalent custom at this season, and good reasons, I am well assured. As to the charge of meanness, I don't think the fact you allege a sufficient ground for making it.'

'Well, I do then,' said cousin Margaret. 'Why, if I were a young man and engaged in marriage to a lady, I'd sell my shoes but what I'd give her something as a Christmas present.'

'Yes—or borrow or beg the money,' chimed in Jane.

'Every one must do as he or she thinks best,' replied Lizzy. 'As for me, I am content to receive no holiday gift, being well satisfied that meanness on the part of Edward has nothing to do with it.'

But notwithstanding Lizzy said this, she could not help feeling a little disappointed—more, perhaps on account of the appearance of the thing than from any suspicion that meanness, as alleged by Jane, had anything to do with the ommission.

'I wish Edward had made Lizzy some kind of a present,' said Mrs. Green to her husband a day or two after the holiday had passed; 'if it had been only for the looks of the thing. Jane has been teasing her about it ever since, and calls it nothing but meanness in Edward. And I'm afraid he is a little close.'

'Better that he should be so than too free,' replied Mr. Green; 'though I must confess that a dollar or two, or even ten dollars, spent at Christmas in a present for his intended bride, could hardly have been set down to the score of prodigality. It does look mean certainly.'

'He is doing very well.'

'He gets a salary of eight hundred dollars, and I suppose it doesn't cost him over four or five hundred dollars to live—at least it ought not to do so.'

'He has bought himself a snug little house, I am told.'

'If he's done that, he's done very well,' said Mr. Green; 'and I can forgive him for not spending his money in Christmas presents, that are never of much use, say the best you will of them. I'd rather Edward would have a comfortable house to put his wife in than seeing him loading her down before marriage, with presents of one foolish thing or another.'

'True. But it wouldn't have hurt him to have given the girl something, if it had only been a book, a purse, or some such trifle.'

'For which trifle he would have been as strongly charged with meanness as he is now. Better let it go as it is. No doubt he has good reasons for his conduct.'

Thus Mr. Green and Lizzy defended Edward, while the mother and Jane scolded about his meanness to their heart's content.

Edward Mayfield, the lover of Lizzy Green, was a young man of good principles, prudent habits and really generous feelings; but his generosity did not consist in wasting his earnings in order that he might be thought liberal and open-hearted, but in doing real acts of kindness where he saw that kindness was needed. He had saved from his salary in the course of four or five years, enough to buy himself a very snug house, and a few hundred dollars in the savings' bank with which to furnish it when the time came for him to get married. This time was not very far off when the Christmas, to which allusion has been made, came round. At this holiday season, Edward had intended to make both Lizzy and her sister a handsome present, and he had been thinking for some weeks as to what it should be. Many articles, both useful and merely ornamental, were thought of, but none of them exactly pleased his fancy.

A day or two before Christmas, he sat thinking about the matter, when something or other gave a new turn to his reflections.

'They don't really need anything,' he said to himself, 'and yet I propose to myself to spend twenty dollars in presents merely for appearance's sake. Is this right?'

'Right if you chose to do it,' he replied to himself.

'I am not sure of that,' he added, after a pause. And then he sat in a quiet musing mood for some minutes.

'That's better,' he at length said, rising up and walking about the floor. 'That would be money and good feeling spent to a better purpose.'

'But they'll expect something,' he argued with himself; 'the family will think so strange of it. Perhaps I'd better spend half the amount in elegant books for Lizzy and Jane, and let the other go on in the way I propose.'

This suggestion, however, did not satisfy him.

'Better let it all go in the other direction,' he said, after thinking awhile longer; 'it will do a real good. The time will come when I can explain the whole matter if necessary, and do away with any little false impression that may have been formed.'

To the conclusion at which Edward arrived, he remained firm. No present of anykind was made to his betrothed or her sister, and the reader has seen in what light the omission was viewed.

Christmas eve proved to be one of unusual inclemency. The snow had been falling all day, driven into every nook and corner, cleft and cranny, by a piercing north-easter; and now, although the wind had ceased to roar among the chimneys and to whirl the snow with blinding violence into the face of any one who ventured abroad the broad flakes were falling slowly but more heavily than since morning, though the ground was covered already to the depth of many inches. It was a night to make the poor feel sober as they gathered more closely around their small fires, and thought of the few sticks of wood or pecks of coal that yet remained of their limited store.

On this dreary night, a small boy, who had been at work in a printing office all day stood near the desk of his employer, waiting to receive his week's wages and go home to his mother, a poor widow, whose slender income scarcely sufficed to give ood to her little household.

'You needn't come to-morrow, John,' said the printer, as he handed the lad the two dollars that were due him for the week's work: 'to-morrow is Christmas.'

The boy took the money, and after lingering a moment, turned away and walked toward the door. He evidently expected something, and seemed disappointed. The printer noticed this and at once comprehended its meaning.

'John,' he said kindly.

The boy stopped and turned around: as he did so, the printer took up half a dollar from the desk, and holding it between his fingers, said—

'You've been a very good boy, John, and I think you deserve a Christmas gift. Here's half a dollar for you.'

John's countenance was lit up in an instant. As he came back to get the money, the printer's eyes rested upon his feet, which were not covered with a very comfortable pair of shoes, and he said:

'Which would you rather have, John, this half dollar or a pair of new shoes?'

'I'd rather have the new shoes,' replied John, without hesitation.

'Very well; I'll write you an order on a shoe-maker, and you can go and fit yourself,' said the printer and turned to his desk and wrote the order.

As he handed to John the piece of paper on which the order was written, the lad looked earnestly into his face, and then said, with a strongly marked hesitation—

'I think, sir, that my shoes will do very well if mended; they only want mending. Won't you please write shoes for my mother instead of me?'

The boy's voice trembled, and his face was suffused. He felt that he had ventured too much. The printer looked at him for a moment or two, and then said:

'Does your mother want shoes badly?'

'Oh, yes, sir. She doesn't earn much by washing and ironing when she can do it, but she sprained her wrist three weeks ago, and hasn't been able to do anything but work a little about the house since.'

'And are your wages all she has to live upon?'

'They are now.'

'You have a little sister, I believe?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Does she want shoes, also?'

'She has had nothing but old rags on her feet for a month.'

'Indeed!'

The printer turned to his desk, and sat and mused for half a minute, while John stood with his heart beating so loud that he could hear its pulsations.

'Give me that order,' the man at length said to the boy, who handed him the slip of paper. He tore it up, and then took his pen and wrote a new order.

'Take this,' he said, presenting it to John. 'I have told the shoe-maker to give you a pair for your mother, yourself and your little sister: and here is the half dollar, my boy—you must have that also.'

John took the order and the money, and stood for a few moments looking into the printer's face, when his lips moved as if he were trynig to speak; but no sound came therefrom. Then he turned away and left the office without uttering a word.

'John is very late to night,' said the poor widow Elliot, as she got up and went to the door to look out in the hope of seeing her boy. Supper had been ready for at least an hour, but she didn't feel like eating anything until John came home. Little Netty had fallen asleep by the fire, and was now snugly covered up in bed. As Mrs. Elliot opened the door, the cold air pressed in upon her, bearing its heavy burden of snow. She shivered like one in a sudden ague fit, and shutting the door, quickly murmured—

'My poor boy—it is a dreadful night for him to be out, and so thinly clad. I wonder why he stays so late away?'

The mother had hardly uttered these words when the door was thrown open, and John entered with a hasty step, bearing several packages in his arms, all covered with snow.

'There's your Christmas gift, mother,' said he, in a delightful voice; 'and here is mine and there is Netty's!' displaying at the same time three pair of shoes, a paper of sugar, another of tea, and another of rice.

Mrs. Elliot looked bewildered.

'Where did all these come from, John?' she asked, in a trembling voice, for she was overcome with surprise and pleasure at this unexpected supply of articles so much needed.

John gave an artless relation of what had passed between him and the printer for whom he worked, and added—

'I knew the number you wore, and I thought I would guess at Netty's size.—If they don't fit, the man says he will change them; and I'll go clear back to the store to night but what she shall have her new shoes for Christmas. Won't she be glad! I wish she were awake.'

'And the tea, sugar and rice, you bought with the half dollar he gave you?' said the mother.

'Yes,' replied John; 'and I bought the tea and sugar for you. There's your Christmas gift from me. And the rice we'll have to-morrow. Won't you make us a rice pudding for our dinner?'

'You're a good boy, John—a very good boy,' said the mother, much affected by the generous spirit her son had displayed. 'Yes, you shall have a rice pudding. But take off your wet shoes, my son—they are all wet—and dry your feet by the fire.'

'No, not till you put Netty's shoes on to see if they fit her,' replied John. 'If they don't fit, I'm going back to the store for a pair that will. She shall have her new shoes for Christmas. And, mother, try your's on—maybe they won't do.'

To satisfy the earnest boy, Mrs. Elliot tried on Netty's shoes, although the child was sleeping.

'Just the thing,' she said.

'Now try on your's,' urged John.

'They couldn't fit me better,' said the mother, as she slipped on one of the shoes. 'Now take off your wet ones, and dry your feet before the fire, while I put the supper on the table.'

Continued on fourth page.

PLAINFIELD GAZETTE.

PLAINFIELD, N. J.

Thursday, December 28, 1848.

Congress.

SENATE.—Considerable debate was had on the subject of the Panama Rail Road by Messrs Benton, Cameron, King, Wescott, Foote, Allen, Downs, and others.

It is to be hoped that the country will not be burthened with monopolies, on this or any other subject. Great care should be taken to guard the peoples interest's in this respect; monopolies are generally granted under some plausible scheme or other for the public benefit.

Give private enterprize a fair chance to compete in almost any undertaking, and the public interest's are sure to be benefited, but grant once a monopoly and they are just as sure to be abused.

There never yet was a monopoly granted from time immemorial to the date of the East India Company's charter, and from the date of that charter to the creation of the United States Bank, nor from the date of that bank, to the date of the charter of the Plainfield Bank, and from that to the present time but what were an injury to the public interest, an injury to the great mass of the people for the benefit of the few; and such will ever continue to be the result of all monopolies.

Will the people suffer in this enlightened age their public servants to burthen them with any special privileges on this or any other pretext? No we answer for them they will not. In an age when every man takes an interest in the laws by which he is governed, and has but to act honestly to himself in supporting that which he knows to be right and just, and all the odious laws by which he has heretofore been goverened wil be done away. It is in his own power, and if he does not use that power to promote what he knows (for we hold that in this age of cheap newspapers that man has no excuse that does not know what his own rights and interests are) to be for the benefit of the whole, that moment he sacrifices a portion of his own liberties.

Yes the moment a single monopoly is granted, that moment a portion of man's equal righis are gone. What! shall it be said that in this enlightened age, when all Europe are awakening to their rights, that we the Sovereign People of these United States are asleep over ours, no never, those who are the advocates of exclusive priviliges shall find that we are awake to our rights. Let our servants in congress grant all the privileges they may, let them take care that those privileges are not exclusive, whatever privileges they in their wisdom may think proper to grant, the people will demand the same for all.

As all men every where are called on to repent and believe, it necessarily follows that all men have that power. And as all men by the Declaration of Independance are declared to be free and equal and to have certain inalienable rights; it as necssarily follows that they should enjoy and exercise those rights; but whenever you grant a monopoly you destroy those rights, and subvert one of the fundamental principles of the constitution.

The people of this enlightened age hold that whatever one man or company of men have the right to do, any other man or company of men have the same right to do, and whatever privileges are granted to one man or company of men any other man or company of men have the right to enjoy upon the same conditions; it may be said that we only repeat a truism; the people mean it shall be a truism in practice; this is in accordance with the Constitution of the United States and the people knowing their rights will ever maintain them. What! it will be asked, are we to have no companies formed to effect great objects' as this Panama Railroad or as the great Whitney project, can those objects be effected without a concentration of capital; we think they can be, if they cannot, let us do without the roads, do not make this the pretext for burthening the country with a most odious and unjust monopoly.

We have thousands of incorporated companies with unjust and exclusive privileges. All exclusive privileges are unjust no matter what their pretext, whether for building railroads, canals, ferry companys, banking privileges or more minor matters, inspectorships of all kinds, tavern licences, and all others of a similar character are all a humbug, and should be struck from the statute book as being unworthy the age in which we live.

Such is our democracy, let those gainsay it who can.

We would call attention to the lecture in our first number, on the Eucharist, by Rev. Dr Ryder, and to the strictures in this number on the same. It was not our intention to admit comments on any thing of this kind in our columns as we would not provoke controversy, but rather promote "harmony among all classes of men," but living as we do, in a protestant community we give place to those of 'Delta' in another column, written with the best of motives, we make no doubt.

Collection of Debt.

As far as our knowledge and experience goes, we believe that if all laws for the collection of debts were abolished that all honest men would be benefited by it, as the laws now are and always have been the rogues and lawyers are the only ones benefited by them. If all laws for the collection of debts were abolished none would get credit but those deserving it; it would make men pay more attention to their word. What a vast deal of litigation would be avoided by abolishing all laws for the collecting of debts hereafter contracted, credit would then be on a safe foundation; none would obtain it but those that do not abuse it; credit is undoubtedly to a certain extent beneficial, this extent would not be exceeded if there was no compulsory law on the subject; all credits even under the law of any benefit to all parties are those which would be given without any law on the subject; men would be more cautious in giving credit; those who now live on the industry of others would have to go to work; our experience proves that under the law, you will save money and vexation by not resorting to it, we give our thoughts for the consideration of others, fewer laws on all subjects would be a decided benefit.

The Mileage of Congress.

The following items we find copied from the records of Congress by the Tribune, we have room only for the aggregate.

Number of extra miles charged by Representatives,	59,030
Number of extra miles charged by Senators,	18,602
Total extra miles,	77,632
Extra Mileage of the House	$47,223 80
Extra Mileage of the Senate	14,881 40
Total extra Mileage,	$62,105 20

made up of sums from $1.60 to $1,288 per member.

A clever little item out of the pockets of the hard working mechanics and laboring men. It is to be hoped that all men without regard to party will demand a thorough reform in this respect. If the people do not take action on the matter themselves they deserve to bear the burthens, no great measure of reform was ever yet brought about without the people move themselves in the matter, let the people get up petitions to this effect all over the country and mark every members actions theron—go at it as our noble soldiers whent at the Mexicans with a determination to conquer, these reforms will never be accomplished by talking, you must act! act!! act!!! let us be up and doing, let Plainfield be among the foremost on this important subject. A Petition to this effect will be found at oru office, and we hope also at other places.

"When the compensation of Congress was fixed, twenty miles' travel was just about equivalent to a day's work; the average rate of travel through the country not exceeding forty miles per day, and the cost being about ten cents per mile; all things included. At present, the averhge rate of travel is at least one hundred miles per day and the average cost hardly more than five cents per mile. Twenty dollars per hundred miles travel now is fully equal to twenty dollars fo fifty miles' travel then. Yet Congress has steadily refused to reduce the Mileage; bills with that intent having repeatedly passed the House, but has uniformly been killed in the Senate.

A Member from Alabama lives up one branch of a principle river in that State, while the road to Washington lies directly across to the other branch and so eastward. He charges mileage down one fork to the other, and up that to the great road as aforesaid, and so makes over 300 miles instead of about 100. All 'regular' of course.

We have heard it affirmed that one at least of theLouisiana Members charges from his residence down the Red River to the Mississippi, down the Mississippi to New Orleans' thence *back up that same Mississippi* by the mouth of Red River to the Ohio, and so up to Wheeling, and by Baltimore to Washington. Should not this be corrected?"

A Summary of the proceedings of Congress.

WASHINGTON, Monday, Dec. 19.

Mr. ALLEN said that he should oppose any proposition, come from what quarter it may, having for its object the granting a monopoly, for the transit of the commerce of this Continent across the isthmus of Panama. We have acquired, for the whole people, the right of transit across that Isthmus—a vast right, of more importance than any grant for any similar distance on this continent.

Dec. 21.

The House, by the decisive vote of 98 to 87 solemnly resolved that

—"The traffic in human beings as chattels now prosecuted within this Metropolis of the Republic is contrary to natural justice, to the fundamental principles of our Political System, and is a notorious reproach to our country throughout Christendom and a serious hinderance to the progress of Republican Liberty among the Nations of the earth,"

And there upon instructed peremptorily the proper Committee to bring in a bill abolishing the Slave-Trade within this District. This is the very first time that any such doctrine has been broadly affirmed in Congress with respect to the Slave-Trade *here*, though this body has not hesitated repeatedly to affirm it with regard to the *African* Slave-Tiade.

Dec. 26.

SENATE.—The Members convened at the usual hour, when, Vice President DALLAS being absent, Mr. ATCHISON of Mo. took the Chair.

Messrs. DODGE and JONES, Senators from Iowa, appeared, and being duly qualified, took their seats.

Mr. ALLEN offered a resolution to ascertain by lot how long the two newly-appointed Senators should serve, which was adopted. Mr. JONES drew to serve until 1853, and Mr. DODGE only until the end of the present Session.

A resolution was offered to inquire of the Secretary of the Navy the amount of Provisions and Stores shipped to the north of the Pacific coast during last year and since, which was adopted.

Mr. UNDERWOOD submitted a resolution to inquire into the expediency of establishing a board to ascertain the whole amount of Public Lands in the United States, and also the value and extent of the Gold Lands in California which was laid on the table.

Several notices of bills where offered for a grant of land to construct Railroads in Iowa and Mississippi.

A bill for the sale of the Saginaw Indian Lands was taken up, briefly discussed, and passed.

Several private bills where then acted upon.

A message was then received from the President, by the hands of his private secretary, when the Senate went into executive session and the doors where closed. After some time spent therein, the doors were again opened and the Senate adjourned over till to-morrow.

The House was not in session to-day; having adjourned over on Saturday last till Wednesday.

NEW AND WONDERFUL APPLICATION OF THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.—It will be recollected, that in the beginning of the year, Mayor Quincy recomended that some system of telegraphic signals should be adopted with respect to the numerous fire engine houses in this city—so that, for instance, from some central point' information might be communicated by the electric wires, to every station at one and the same time? and so that again, information might be transmitted, at one and the same time, from any one engine house to all the others, as well as to such central point? and thus make known en the instant, and all over the town, the moment when, and the place where, a fire breaks out. At the meeting of the Common Council last evening, the members took a recess for a few minutes, and repaired to the telegraph office to examine this new apparatus—which excited their surprise and admiration.—It was put in operation, and while they were present a communication was had with New York; the wires of that city, so many miles from us, being connected with this fire alarm apparatus in Boston. The correspondent in New York immediately sent on his reply by the same wires, the electrical action upon which instantly caused the deep-toned bell connected with the apparatus near the City Hall to be rung; this great fire alarm bell being thus sounded in this city by the operator at the telegraph office in New York! Directly after, and while the New York operator was ringing the bell, the other bells here were rung by persons ignorant of what was going on, and, supposing there was in reality a fire in this city' the whole fire department at once turned out. It was fortunate that they did for at the very same time a fire actually broke out in Washington street, near Winter srreet, which by their thus speedy attendance, was extinguished without so great a damage as might have otherwise taken place.—*Boston Trav. Dec. 22.*

BOY WANTED.—A city shopkeeper once stuck upon his door, "A Boy Wanted." On going to his shop on the following morning, he beheld a smiling little urchin in a basket, with the following lable—"Here he is sir."

For the Gazette.

Publication of the State Laws.

As our State Legislature will assemble in a few days, it is time for all who are in favor of this great reform to take some action that it may be effected. I hope no one who is intelligent enough to read a newspaper will for a moment imagine that this or any other important pubic object will be secured without *the people*—(those who bear all the burdens of government, and are therefore entitled to *some* of its benefits—) take up the subject in earnest, and demand that their legislators shall carry their will into effect. Our legislature is so pressed with projects whose tendency is to benefit *the few*, that the interest of *the many* are constantly neglected. Turn to the advertising columns of our public newspapers, and after noticing the number of applications which will be made to our next legislature for acts of incoporation for banks, railroads, manufacturing companies, and other objects in which the capitalist *only* is interested,—and to secure which he has not only the influence of men in the lobby, but also the *aid* of those who were elected members of the legislature to attend to the *public* business—and then you will be able to judge what prospect there is that anything which is only for the good of the whole people has of being adopted.

With these introductory remarks, permit me to call the attention of your readers to the following brief article which I last winter furnished for publication to the New-Jersey Journal, and which was copied (with approving comments) into several of the leading papers of the state. I will only add that I daily see reasons for the diffusion of a knowledge of our laws among the people.

"Every citizen is presumed to be acquainted with the laws by which he is governed. It would not avail a person on trial for a misdemeanor, or one who is a party in a civil suit' to plead that he is ignorant of the law applicable to his case. And yet, although the State is so strict in having its laws respectied and enforced, how remiss it is in making the people acquainted with their obligations! It is true that the laws are published in ponderous volumes, at the expense of the State' for which the people are duly taxed. But in these days of cheap justice' when every man is (or should be) "his own lawyer," this is entirely insufficient. These costly books are not adapted for "the million." The people are unable to purchase them' and to borrow a volume of State laws is of course out of the question. I insist, it is the duty of the State to publish its laws in such a manner that they may be attainable by the most humble. It is in this way only that we can become acquainted with our duties as good citizens. In order to accomplish this, let the State procure the publication of its laws in the public newspapers. There is no other method by which the object I have been speaking of can be so readily, efficiently, and cheaply attained. I am glad to see this subejct attracting considerable attention in different parts of the State. Let the people *now* speak plainly to their representatives in the legislature, and the object will be accomplished." C. A. J.

PALMMER'S BUSINESS MEN'S ALMANAC.—"It is a work of the highest importance to business men and contains a great amount of information for the farmer, mechanic and professional man. It is a rare thing to find a book of its dimensions that contains so much useful instructive and reliable matter. We have frequently paid $1 for books which in our opinion' were not worth half as much as this Almanac—and we would not take $1 for it now, provided we could not procure another copy." [Bryan (O) Equal Rights.

Independence of Principle.

Lord Erskine was distinguished through life for independence of principle; for scrupulous adherence to truth. He once explained the rules of his conduct, which ought to be deeply engraved on every heart. He said, "It was a first command and counsel of my earliest youth, always to do what my conscience told me to be a duty, ane leave the consequence to God. I shall carry with me the memory, and I trust the practice, of this parental lesson to the grave. I have hitherto followed it, and have no reason to complain thus my obedience to it has been a temporal sacrifice. I have found it, on the contrary, the road to prosperity and wealth, and I shall point out the same path to my children for their pursuit."

An apothecary at Salem has written over his door, "all kinds of *dying stuff* sold here."

Marriages is at all times a perilous experiment, but Foot defines it as bobbing for a single eel in a barrel of snakes!

The following beautiful lines on the destruction of the "Ocean Monarch" by fire and the noble conduct of the Sailor Jerome, were written by a young man, a native of this Village.

For the Gazette.

Jerome--or the Sailor's Rescue.

The 'Monarch' left old Britains Shore,
She sought the Western World,
A Freight of precious souls she bore,
With canvass wing unfurled.

A dreadful fate awaits that Bark,
Doomed to the sweeping fire,
Ah now it lights! it leaps! oh hark!
Oh See! 'tis mounting higher.

She's rapt in one vast winding sheet,
Her body's black and charred,
In vain surrounded by that fleet,
Who see her struggle hard.

A Sailors heart now feels that wo,
He seeks the Mersey's wave,
He thinks not of himself, Ah no!
He strives some one to save

He gains the wreck's disfigured side,
Above the angry foam,
The flames that noble form now hide,
Oh gallant soul'd Jerome.

He clasps the Mother and her child
Hands down the frighted one,
Oh what a sight! how grand! how wild!
To Mothers, Sisters, Sons.

He's met the troubled deep before
He's sav'd the wrecked, the lost,
Yes—when upon our native shore
The storm his vessel tost.

Go on Jerome--thous't acted well
Reward is waiting thee,
When years are past, oh who can tell
Where such an one may be.

J. N. H.

Secret to Unhappy Homes.

Why goes forth that man on Saturday evening from the roof under which his children live? Why turns he from the engaging little attempts to detain him, and roughly moves them away while he loves them dearly? Why sits another by his fire, sullen, discontented, unwilling to speak the kindly word, while his heart is yearning for converse and enjoyment? Why flies the cruel speech to her for whom the bosom's strongest affection is nourished? And why, searching into deep depths, why does man become so often a tyrant, so often a criminal in his home? Truth has to be told; but' oh! listen to it kindly, for it is hard to tell, It is because woman does not truly appreciate her mission in domestic life. Under the present condition of existence, she has become weighed down by cares. As a wife she is different from what she was as a mistress. She is employed in drudgery for her children and household. She neglects her dress? she forgets her manners.—Her husband sees the change, does not perhaps find sufficient excuse for it from the conditian she labors under. He flies to the tavern and billiard table; and she increases in sourness and asperity as she increases in years. That much is owing to the present circumstances of social life is true; but that much of it is chargable to a sad submission to those circumstances, is also but too true. It is more or less in the power of woman to make their domestic life more attentive to their husbands and more holy in its discipline and ends than they now do. A great regularity in time—a great simplicity in dress—a more determined adherance to that which is right in one's own eyes, rather than that which is well thought of in the eyes of others—an orderly apportioning of various periods for different occupations—would make evenings at home pass away very differently to what, in the great majority of cases, they are now doing.

A Good Mother.

She is a good mother who brings up her children to work—to work in the kitchen if you please. We shall never have good puddings and pies, chowders and fricasees, whilst the ladies are taught that it is a disgrace to learn to cook. The time may come when the daughters of wealth shall be obliged to take their stand in the kitchen, but should they not know how to bake and to wash? What is a young woman fit for, to a mechanic especially, whose mother allows her in bed till ten o'clock and who, when she rises, sings a song or two and sits down to the last new novel? She may answer for the wife of a wealthy fop; and a miserable life—miserable indeed will she live. Far better for her, no matter what her conditions may be, if she is brought up to work.

"What, Mr. Speaker, what shall I say to my constituents?" exclaimed a wrathful member of Congress on the passage of a bill, to which he was utterly opposed. "What shall I say?" he repeated, but found it impossible to get beyond the interrogation.

"Tell them," replied the waggish speaker, "that you tried to make a speech, but couldn't."

Mr Editor:—I notice in No. 1. of the Plainfield Gazette, the copy of a lecture, delivered by a Catholic Dr. in Barclay st. New York. You will suffer a few strictures.

It would seem that the sixth of John, contains nothing, respecting the Eucharist, or Lords supper. Christ asserts that his body and blood, is the proper food, and drink of the soul. He does not say that his body is a shadow, or that his blood is a shadow, nor do protestents hold that they are, consequently the lecturer was fighting a man of straw on that point. Protestants believe that Christs real body and blood, are eaten by faith, in a spiritual manner. Believing is spiritual eating and drinking. When a soul believes in the efficacy of the broken body, and shed blood to give eternal life, in that sense he eats; not a shadow but a reality. The 35th verse of 6th John, explains the eating. He who cometh to me, shall never hunger and he that beleveth on me, shall never thirst. When he complains of their not eating in the 36th verse, it is in these words. But I said to you, That ye have even seen me, and believe not. To believe then is to eat and drink, in this chapter, and not to do it, is not to believe. Again in the 63d verse the savior asserts that his words are to be received on this subject, spiritually, or in a spiritual sense. Your lecturer in Barclay st, would have *wafer* and *wine* refered to here; and then, he would seem to reason for a carnal, and external eating and drinking. But even then how can he be consistent with himself? For the priest gives none of the wine to the people; If that wine is christs blood as he pretends, and in order to give eternal life it must be received how can they have it, when they never partake of it at all? In the Lords supper Christ only compares his body and blood to bread and wine, chapter, He calls his body and but in this blood the true food of the soul of the believers.

The Dr. will probably ask, did he not say of the bread, this is my body? Did he not on another occasion say I am the door? Is he so literally; or only so by comparison? Did he not say I am the vine? Is Christ a grape vine litterally? or does he compare himself to a vine! Does not Paul say that rock moses smote in the wilderness was Christ? was it more than a figure of Christ? Is he not cot called a Lion, a Lamb, a Sheaphurd, a Captain, a River of Water, a shadow of a great Rock, a bright Star, a Sun, and many things. Certainly he cannot be them all literally, but the language is just the same as the above. But further: the Savior explained himself; for he said it showed forth his death, and must have been only in figure, because his death had not yet occurred, when he said these words; and his body was in the room at the table, and his blood in his veins, when he said these words. He said this is the blood of the Newtestament, or Newtestament in my blood which is shed for you; that is, it represents blood shortly to be shed. We know the blood of Christ must be shed to be efficacious, but when he gave them the cup, it was not yet shed, and consequently they could not drink his shed blood in the form of wine. That cup is called the Newtestament. Was the wine literally a testament. It represented the blood which was shortly to seal the newtestameut.

The absurdities of Transubstansiation, are almost endless.

1st. It represents the death of Christ as newly occuring all over the world continually. 2nd. It represents Christ, as having an infinite number of *persons*, as every communicant, is supposed to eat the whole of him literally, every time he eats the wafer. As each one often eats he must eat the same food over many times in his life literally.

They also hold they eat his whole divinity, therefore, the unity of God, must be destroyed; for there must be as many gods as communicants, to say the least. The lecturer says, that for eighteen hundred years the Catholic Church, has convinced the proudest intellects of the truth of this divine institution, *Transubstantiation.* Astounding! What ignorance of his own history! Transubstantiation was introduced into the world in the ninth century when the custom of carrying the cross before the pope commenced. The cup was not denied to the laity till the thirteenth century, when Transubstanciation was confirmed by Lateran Council.

If a doctrine must be believed contrary to all the senses, when it can be tested by the senses; then is it impossible ever to prove the existence of Miricles by any test. A man may be confounded and awed into admission that Christs body and blood are literally in the bread and wine but no man can believe without evidence and especially contrary to all evidence.

Delta.

To mathematicians.—A weekly paper states that the greatest dinner which ever took place in England, was that given by Lord Romney to the Kent volunters' when George III. reviewed them near Maidstone. The tables extended seven and a-half miles, and the boards which formed them cost £15,000. If it cost so much to board the tables, we should feel obliged by some profound mathematician informing us how much it took to board the volunteers on the occasion in question.

What weapon does a younglady resemble whose acquaintances pass her without noticing her?

A *cutlas-lass.*

Polite.—To knock a man's hat in the mud with your umberella and then ask his pardon.

Editor.—A poor wretch who every day empties his brain in order to fill his stomach.

To kiss an old lady by mistake for a young one, is defined to be a blunderbuss.

Duelling bullets are now called, "half an ounce of satisfaction."

Slander and Detraction.

The true christian never indulges in evil speaking. It is mean and cowardly, and the sure indication of a low and vulgar mind. A woman given to this vice, is generally little less than a monster. Show me such an one, and I would avoid her as I would the deadly poison of the Upas thee, which throws a blight upon everything within its reach. There is one circumstance attending the sin of slander, which renders it peculiarly injurious—the difficulty of calculating the ill effects produced by it. When once you have uttered the words of slander, it is no longer in *your* power to stop their progress—they travel from one to another into general circulation. 'Behold,' says the Apostle, 'what a great fire a little spark kindleth!' How many are the griefs caused by exaggerated reports! how many the peace of families be destroyed by them! The discords and quarrels in neighborhoods may frequently be traced to this malignant source.—the misrepresentations of detraction have even caused friends to arm themselves against one another, and murder has been the consequence. Many are the individuals who owe their ruin to the thoughtless and ill natured discourse of ther neighbors.

MARRIED.

On the 23d inst., by Rev. Jas. O. Rogers Mr. Theodore Allen to Miss. Clarissa Waldron, both of Washington Valley N. J.

In this place on the 18th inst. by the Rev. L. Crandall, Mr. Thomas F. Randolph to Miss. Caroline Yarnall, all of Plainfield.

Nov. 29th, Mr. Wm. Nesbitt to Miss. Julia Ann Conover, both of Plainfield.

DIED.

In this place, on Wednesday morning last, 20th inst. Mr. Thomas Woodland, aged 65 years.

In this place, on Thursday afternoon, 21st inst. Mr. Charles Boice, aged about 50 years.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A MAMMOTH PAPER.

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☞ ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM. ☜

We would call special attention to the Premiums that we now offer to ALL subscribers, both new and old, for the year 1849; especially would we call the readers attention to the splendid PICTORIAL FAMILY ANNUAL, with Two Hundred Engravings; a copy of which (or any of our $2 50 works) we offer to give each person, sending Eleven Names and ten dollars free of postage. Let each one of our present subscribers or agents devote but one day to getting up a club and he will find himself the owner of this valuable work.

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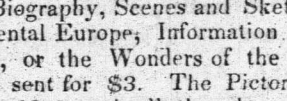
☞ Newspapers coying the above advertisement (including this notice,) and giving it one insertion shall receive any one of the bound volumes which retails at from $2. to $3. per volume, or the Magazine for one year. Send only one paper directed as above.



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Leave Plainfield at 5 1-2 and 7 20 m. o'clock, A. M. and 3 o'clock, P. M.—First train for Freight.

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Dec, 20. 1848.

N. B. We would also inform our friends and the public generally that we are Agent for Dr. Brandreth's and Jayne's Patent Medicines.

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Dec. 21. 1848. ml.

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December, 1848.

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Into our Mother's lap, or be with ease
Gathered, not harshly plucked."—*Milton.*

To which he added, a Popular Exposition of Liebigs Theory of Life, Health and Disease, by Robert James Culverwell, M. D.

This work of which some 60,000 copies are sold annually in England, and is now for the first time reprinted in this country, and is sold at a price which will bring it within the reach of every individual in the United States. It is probably the best work on Health and Long Life ever published. A liberal discount to the trade J. S. REDFIELD,

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Dec. 1848.—f. *Proprietors.*

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New-York, Dec. 1848.

N. B. Proprietors of newspapers who will insert this advertisement three times, and send us a number of their paper containing it, will be entitled to payment on purchasing of us four times the amount of their bill. dt31

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HAVE RECENTLY OPENED, at 353 Broadway, a few doors above their former place of Business, the most extensive establish in the department of Looking-Glasses, Picture-Frames, Fine Engravings, Paintings etc., to be found in the United States.

The inducements presented to purchasers are:—

An Assortment not to be met with elsewhere; Articles of uniformly Good Quality; Prices as low as at any other establishmen.

The liberal and constantly increasing patronage with which they have been favored in the first enterprise, has encouraged the subscribers to embark in the new; and they respectfully solicit a continuance of that support to which the public shall consider them entitled.

WILLIAMS & STEPHENS.

Dec. 1848. f3.

ALFRED F. LAGRAVE,

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HARDWARE,

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HOUSE AND LOT AT EXECUTORS SALE.

The subscribers Executors of Thomas Hance deceased will offer at public vendue on Thursday, the 4th day of January next at 2 o'clock, P. M., on the premises, the House and Lot situated on the north side of New street in the city of New-Brunswick, late the residence of the deceased. The lot is 100 feet on New Street extending the same distance in depth. There is on this lot a lage substantially built dwelling house.

This property is well located and is of sufficient capacity for manufacturing purposes.

It will be sold together or in seperate lots to suit purchasers.

One half the purchase money may remain on bond and mortgage on the premises. JOHN W. STOUT,
PETER P. RUNYON.

Dec. 1848. f.3.

Job Printing

Of all kinds, at short notice, and on reasonable terms, executed at this Office.

Concluded.

John, satisfied now that all was right, did as his mother wished, while she got ready for their frugal repast. Both were too much excited to have very keen appetites. As they were about rising from the table, after finishing their meal, some one knocked at the door. John opened it, and a gentleman came in and said, familiarly—

'How do you do, Mrs. Elliot?'

'Oh—how do you do, Mr. Mayfield? Take a seat;' and she handed her visitor a chair.

'How has your wrist got, Mrs. Elliot? Are you 'most ready to take my washing again?'

'It's better, I thank you, but not well enough for that; and I can't tell when it will be. A sprain is so long in getting well.'

'How do you get along?' asked Mr. Mayfield. 'Can you do any kind of work?'

'Nothing more than a little about the house.'

'Then you don't earn anything at all?'

'No, sir—nothing.'

'How do you manage to live, Mrs. Elliot?'

'We have got along the bets we can on John's two dollars a week.'

'Two dollars a week! You can't live on two dollars a week, Mrs. Elliot; that is impossible.'

'It's all we have,' said the widow.

Mr. Mayfield asked a good many more questions, and showed a very kind interest in the poor widow's affairs. When he arose to go away, he said—

'I will send you a few things to-night, Mrs. Elliot, as a Christmas present. This is the season when friends remember each other, and tokens of good will are passing in all directions. I think I cannot do better than to spend all I design giving for this purpose, in making you a little more comfortable. So when the man comes with what I shall send, you will know that it is for you. Good night. I will drop in to see you again before long.'

And ere Mrs. Elliot could express her thanks, Mr. Mayfield had retired.

No very long time passed before the voice of a man, speaking to his horse, was heard at the door. The vehicle had moved so noiselessly on the snow covered street, that its approach had not been observed. The loud stroke of a whip handle on the door caused the expectant widow and her son to start. John immediately opened it.

'Is this Mrs. Elliot's?' said a carman, who stood with his leather hat and rough coat all covered with snow.

'Yes, sir,' replied John.

'Very well; I've got a Christmas present for her, I rather think; so hold open the door until I bring it in.'

John had been trying on his new shoes and had got them laced up about his ankles just as the carman came. So out he bounded into the snow, leaving the door to take care of itself, and was up into the car in a twinkling. It did not take long, with John's active assistance, to transfer the contents of the car to the widow's store-room, which had been for a long time wanting in almost everything.

'Good night to you, madam,' said the carman, as he was retiring, 'and may to-morrow be the merriest Christmas you ever spent. It isn't every one who has a friend like yours'

'No—and may God reward him,' said Mrs. Elliot, fervently, as the man closed the door and left her alone with her children.

And now the timely present was more carefully examined. It consisted of many articles. First, and not the least welcome, was a half barrel of flour. Then there was a bag of corn meal, another of potatoes, with sugar, tea, rice, molasses, butter, etc.; some warm stockings for the children, a cheap thick shawl for herself, and a pair of gum shoes—besides a good many little things that had all been selected with strict regard to their use. A large chicken for Christmas dinner, and some loaves of fresh Dutch cake for the children, had not been forgotten. Added to all this was a letter containing five dollars, in which the generous donor said that on the next day he would send her a small stove and half a ton of coal.

Edward Mayfield slept sweetly and soundly that night. On the next day, which was Chirstmas, he got the stove for Mrs. Elliot. It was a small, cheap and economical one, designed expressly for the poor. He sent it with half a ton of coal.

Three or four days after Christmas, Mrs. Green said to Lizzy and Jane, as they sat sewing—

'I declare, girls, we've entirely forgotten our washerwoman, poor Mrs. Elliot. It is some weeks since she sent us word that she had sprained her wrist, and could not do our washing until it got well. I think you had better go and see her this morning. I should not wonder if she stood in need of something. She has two children, and only one of them is old enough to earn anything—and even he can only bring home a very small sum.—We have done wrong to forget Mrs. Elliot.'

'You go and see her, Lizzy,' said Jane. 'I don't care about visiting poor people in distress; it makes me feel so bad.'

'To relieve their wants, Jane, ought to make you feel good,' said Mrs. Green.

'I know it ought; but I had rather not go.'

'Oh yes, Jane' said Lizzy; 'You must go with me. I want you to go. Poor Mrs. Elliot! who knows how much she may have suffered?'

'Yes, Jane, go with Lizzy; I want you to go.'

Jane did not like to refuse positively, so she got ready and went, though with a good deal of reluctance. Like a great many others, she had no taste for scenes of distress. If she could relieve a want by putting her hand behind her and not seeing the object of penury, she had no objection to doing so; but to look suffering in the face was too revolting to her sensitive feelings.

When Lizzy and Jane entered the humble home of the widow, they found everything comfortable, neat and clean. A small stove was upon the hearth, and, though the day was very cold, diffused a genial warmth throughout the room.—Mrs. Elliot sat knitting; she appeared extremely glad to see the girls. Lizzy inquired how her wrist was, how she was getting along, and if she stood in need of anything. To the last question she replied—

'I should have wanted almost everything to make me comfortable, had not Mr. Mayfield, one of the gentleman I washed for before I hurt my wrist, remembered me at Christmas. He sent me his nice little stove and a load of coal, a half barrel of flour, meal, potatoes, tea, sugar, and I can't now tell you what all—besides a chicken for our Christmas dinner, and five dollars in money. I'm sure he couldn't have spent less than twenty dollars. Heaven knows I shall never forget him! He came on Christmas eve, and inquired so kindly how I was getting along; and then told me that he would send me a little present instead of to those who didn't really need anything, and who might well forgive him for omitting the usual compliments of the season. Soon after he was gone, a man brought us a car load of things, and on Christmas day the stove and the coal came.'

Jane looked at Lizzy, upon whose face was a warm glow and in whose eyes was a bright light.

'Then you do not need anything?' said Lizzy.

'No, I thank you kindly, not now. I am very comfortable. Long before my coal, flour, meal and potatoes are out, I hope to be able to take in washing again, and then I shall not need any assistance.'

'Forgive me, sister, for my light words about Edward,' Jane said, the moment she and Lizzy left the widow's house.—'He is generous and noble-hearted. I would rather he had done this than made me a present of the most costly remembrancer he could find, for it stamps his character. Lizzy, you may well be proud of him.'

Lizzy did not trust herself to reply, for she could think of no words adequate to the expression of her feelings. When Jane told her father about the widow—Lizzy was modestly silently on the subject—Mr. Green said—

'That was nobly done! There is the ring of the genuine coin! I am proud of him!'

Tears came into Lizzy's eyes as she heard her father speak so warmly and approvingly of her lover.

'Next year,' added Mr. Green, 'we must take a lesson of Edward, and improve our system of holiday presents.—How many hundreds and thousands of dollars are wasted in useless souvenirs and pretty trifles, that might do a lasting good if the stream of kind feelings were turned into a better channel.

☞ 'My dear, where is my morning and Evening Devotion?' said Mr. Partington—meaning a small book with that title, in which he was accustomed to read.

'Here it is,' said Mrs. Partington, producing a dark bottle from the closet; 'here it is in the bottle.'

He looked intently in her face, to see if malice was actuating her; but all there was calm; and rather than destroy her apparent satisfaction at obliging him, he refrained from explanation and partook.—*Boston Post.*

☞ True humility, the basis of the Christian system, is the low, but deep and firm foundation of all real virtue.—*Burke.*

A SMART GIRL.—'Miss Brown, I have been to learn how to tell fortunes,' said a young fellow to a brisk brunette. 'Just let me have your hand, if you please.'

'La! Mr. White, how sudden you are! Well, go and ask my father.'

The down-easters are great for mechanical inventions. They astonish the natives. The last invention is a machine for courting, by which bashful lovers are put forward and enabled to perform their part with dispatch and confidence.

Lord B. being asked by a lord in waiting what difference there was between a clock and a woman, instantly replied.

"A clock serves to point out hours and a woman makes us forget them."

R. Manning of Salem, cutting off all the blossoms from a Baldwin apple tree, in the spring of its bearing year, changed the fruitful year to the following season. The unfruitful seasons have become bearing years, and vice versa.

Advice to Young Men.

Young men! if you have arrived at the proper point in life for it, let every other consideration give way to that of getting married. Don't think of doing anything else. Keep poking up the rubbish till you have stirred up a gem that is worth possessing, in the shape of a wife. Never think of delaying the matter; for you know that delays are dangerous. A good wife is the most constant and faithful companion you can possibly have by your side, while performing the journey through life—a dog isn't a circumstance to her. She is of more service, too, than you can at first imagine. She can smooth your linen and your cares for you—mend your jacket and perchance your manners—sweeten your moments as well as your tea and coffee—ruffle, perhaps, your shirt bosoms, but not your temper; and, instead of sowing the seeds of sorrow in your path, she will sew buttons on your shirts, and plant happiness instead of harrow-teeth in your bosom. Yes—and if you are too lazy or too proud to do such things yourself, she will dig potatoes and chop wood for you; her love for her husband is such that she will do anything to please him—except receiving company in her every-day clothes.

When a woman loves, she loves with a double devotedness; and when she hates, it is on the high-pressure principle. Her love is as deep as the ocean, as strong as a hempen halter, and immutable. She wont change it except it is in a very strong fit of jealousy; and even then it lingers, as if loth to part, like evening twilight at the windows of the West. Get married by all means! All the excuses you can fish up against "doing the deed" ain't worth a spoonful of pigeon's milk. Mark this—if, blest with health and employment, you are not able to support a wife, depend upon it you are not capable of supporting yourself. Therefore, so much the more need of annexation, for in union there is strength. Get married, I repeat, young men! Concentrate your affections upon one object, and not distribute them crumb by crumb among a host of Susans, Sarahs, Marys, Elizas, Emmas, Julias, Betseys, Hannahs, Harriets—allowing to each scarcely enough to nibble at. Get married, and have somebody to cheer you as you journey through life—somebody to keep your clothes in order.

Young women! I need not tell you to look for husbands, for I know that you are fixing contrivances to catch them, and are naturally on the watch as a cat for a mouse. But one word in your ear, if you please. Do not bait your hook with an artificial beauty; if you do, the chances are ten to one, that you will catch a gudgeon—some silly fool of a fish that isn't worth his weight in sawdust.

Array the inner lady with the beautiful garments of virtue, modesty, truth, morality, and unsophisticated love; and you will dispose of yourself quicker and to much better advantage than you would if you displayed all the gewgaws, flippejigs, fol de rols, and fiddle de dees in the universe. Remember, it is a serious affair to live and die a self-manufactured old maid!

The Farmer.

It does one's heart good to see a merry round faced farmer. So independent, and yet so free from vanity and pride. So rich and yet so industrious—so patient and yet so kind, social and obliging.—There are a thousand noble traits about his character. He is hospitable—eat and drink with him, and he wont set a mark on you, and sweat it out on you with double compound interest, as some I know will—you are welcome. He will do you a kindness without expecting a return by way of compensation—it is not so with every body. He is generally more honest and sincere, less disposed to deal in low under-hand cunning, than many I could name. He gives to society its best supports—is the firmest pillar, that supports the edifice of goverment.

BRASIDAS, the famous Lacedemonian generel, caught a mouse—it bit him, and, by that means, made its escape. 'Oh, Jupiter!' exclaimed he, 'what creature so contemptible but may have its liberty, if it will contend for it!'

A GOOD ANSWER.—'Why, Mr. B.' said a tall youth, to a little person who was in company with half a dozen huge men, 'I protest you are so small I did not see you before.' 'Very likely,' replied the little man, 'I am like a sixpence among six copper pennies—not readily perceived, put in fact worth the whole of them.'

Temperance puts wood on the fire, flour in the barrel, meat in the tub, vigor in the body, intelligence in the brain, and life and spirit in the whole composition of man

Occupation for Children.

The habits of children prove that occupation is of necessity with most of them. They love to be busy, even about nothing, still more to be usefully employed. With some children it is a strongly developed physical necessity; and if not turned to good account will be productive of positive evil, thus verifying the old adage, that 'Idleness is the mother of mischief.' Children should be encouraged, or, if indolently disinclined to it, should be disciplined into performing for themselves every little office relative to the toilet which they are capable of performing.—They should also keep their own clothes and other possessions in neat order, and fetch for themselves whatever they want; in short, they should learn to be as independant of the services of others as possible, fitting them alike to make a good use of prosperity, and to meet with fortitude any reverse of fortune that may befal them. I know of no rank, however exalted, in which such a system would not prove beneficial.

The benefits of Bathing.

A correspondent of the *Spirit of the Times* tells the following, in illustration of the advantages and disadvantages of bathing:

One day last summer, a company of idlers, among them our veracious Aleck, were sitting in the gallery of a store, chewing tobacco, whittling pine, and telling yarns, when the conversation turned upon the subject of bathing, and its effect upon the health of those who indulge in that exercise. One affirmed that frequent baths had an enervating effect upon the system which was denied by another of the company. Aleck was referred to as umpire to decide the question. with a look of importurbable gravity, at the same time rolling his quid of tobacco over in his mouth, he began. "Gentlemen," said he, "I don't know much about it, but I can tell you my own experience on the subject. When I was about nine years old, I went to school one summer, at a school-house, near the bank of a river. At the beginning of the summer I was quite a schollar, I could read very well among 'the pictures,' and could spell right smart 'way over in 'Ail' to be troubled.' I commenced going in a swimming and kept going in, two and three times a day, and before the summer was through it made me *so weak that I couldn't spell Baker.*"

CONFIDE IN YOUR MOTHER.—To the daughter we should say, that no favorite can love you with an affection so disinterested as your mother. Deceive her, and your feet will slide in due time. How many thoughtless daughters receive addresses against the wish of their parents, receive them clandastinely, give their hand in marriage, and thus dig the grave of their earthly happiness. He who would persuade you to deceive your parents proves himself in that very deed unworthy of your confidence. If you wed him you will speedily realize what you have lost. You will have exchanged a sympathising friend, and an able, judicious counsellor, for a selfish unfeeling companion, ever seeking his own accommodation and his own pleasure—neglected you in health and deserting you when sick. who has not read the reward of deserted parents in the pale and melancholy features of the undutiful daughter?

SMART REPLY.—A short time ago as a boy was riding a horse to the fair at Barnsley to sell, he was accosted on entering the town by a sprig of a dealer who called out in a consequential tone, 'Why, Jack, that horse you're riding is badly, look what a white face hee's getting.' 'Hey,' said the lad breaking off whistling, 'an yod hev a white face too, if yod look't throuhg a holter az long az it hez.'

INTO THE LAWYERS—The Law Magazine relates an anecdote of Sergeant Davy, a distinguished lawyer at the time of Lord Mansfield, than being once called ro account by his brethren on the Western circuit, for disgracing the profession, by accepting silver from a client, he replied:—'I took silver because I could not get gold; but I took every sixpence the fellow had in the world, and I hope you don't call that disgracing the profession!'

LIFE THE WORLD OVER.—When Peter of Cortona was engaged on a picture for the royal palace of Petti, Ferdinand II. particularly admired the representation of a weeping child. 'Has your majesty,' said the painter, 'a mind to see how easy it is to make this very child laugh?' And suiting the action to the word, the artist merely depressed the corner of the lips and the inner extremity of the eyebrows, when the little urchin seemed in danger of bursting his sides with laughter, who a moment before seemed breaking his heart with weeping. If this is true in the world of living men. Slight, very slight are the causes that make or break the happiness of life. To touch of a brush can dim heaven with a cloud or brighten the prospect in the far horizon.

GREEN.—"Father, isn't that *man* in what is called the spring-time of life?" "Why, Fred?" Because he looks so confounded *green.*"

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